

# *Doctor* **WHO**

## **THE QUANTUM POSSIBILITY ENGINE**

BY GUY ADAMS

**THE DOCTOR:** SYLVESTER MCCOY  
Time traveller.

**ACE:** SOPHIE ALDRED  
Time traveller's companion.

**MEL:** BONNIE LANGFORD  
Time traveller's companion.

**NARVIN:** SEAN CARLSEN  
Director of the C.I.A.

**JOSIAH W. DOGBOLTER:** TOBY LONGWORTH  
President of the Solar System, Sydney Greenstreet in The Maltese Falcon, if Sydney Greenstreet were a frog.

**HOB/SOLDIER ROBOTS:**  
If Peter Lorre had been built as a robot, he would be Hob, unctuous and homicidal./The Soldier Robots are testosterone poured into huge strutting death machines.

**CAPTAIN REGENT OF THE KRASI:** JULES DE JONGH  
F. Public image obsessed, martial, lethal.

**ALEX:**

**FOR DOUBLING:**  
HOUSE (ROBOT VOICE)  
TORKY (FILTERED ALIEN)  
SECURITY OFFICER  
TRAIN TANNOY (ROBOT VOICE)  
SARGE (ROBOT VOICE)  
COMPUTER (x2)  
KRASI SOLDIER  
CITIZEN  
(PLUS WILDTRACKS)

**DIRECTOR:** JAMIE ANDERSON

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**EPISODE ONE:**

[THE FOLLOWING IS A REPRISE FROM THE END OF THE LAST STORY BUT WILL BE RECORDED DURING THE SESSIONS FOR THIS ONE.]

**1. INT. TARDIS.**

FX. TARDIS ATMOS, THE DOCTOR TINKERING WITH THE CONTROLS.

**ACE:**

Nothing stops you, does it professor? Drop a tower block on you and you barely break a sweat. (BEAT) Hang on, do Time Lords sweat?

**DOCTOR**

I'm going to ignore that question.

FX. MEL ENTERS.

**ACE:**

Here she is, I thought you'd got lost.

**MEL:**

(LOW, GUILTY) Not exactly.

FX. SHE WALKS TO THE CONSOLE AND CLOSES THE DOORS BEHIND HER.

**MEL:**

(SIGHS) I'm sorry about this. I really am.

FX. SHE OPENS A SMALL BOX, REMOVING EARPLUGS AND THEN INSERTING THEM INTO HER EARS.

**ACE:**

(LAUGHS) Earplugs?! You're putting earplugs in? I know the professor goes on sometimes but...

**MEL:**

(PUTTING IN THE EARPLUGS) I have no choice. They want the TARDIS and... And I have to give it to them.

FX. MEL ACTIVATES A DEVICE THAT EMITS A SUDDEN, PIERCING SOUNDWAVE. BOTH ACE AND THE DOCTOR SPEAK AT THE SAME TIME.

**DOCTOR:**

(PITCHED UP) Mel! No! (COLLAPSES WITH A GROAN)

**ACE:**

(PITCHED UP) What are you doing?! (ALSO COLLAPSES WITH A GROAN)

FX. BOTH ACE AND THE DOCTOR FALL TO THE FLOOR. THE NOISE STOPS.

**MEL:**

(QUIET) I'm so sorry.

FX. SHE MOVES TO THE CONSOLE AND STARTS ENTERING CO-ORDINATES. THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

**2. INT. STATION HANGAR.**

FX. A LARGE SPACE STATION HANGAR. THE SOUND OF HEAVY ROBOT FEET, HUGE SOLDIER DROIDS, ALL HYDRAULICS AND CRASHING METAL BOOTS MARCHING INTO THE ROOM. THE TARDIS LANDS. THE DOOR OPENS. MEL STEPS OUT.

**MEL:**

There. I've done my job. The TARDIS is yours.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Claimed in the name of the president of the Solar System.

FX. THE SOLDIER ROBOTS SALUTE WITH A CRASHING OF HYDRAULIC LIMBS.

**SOLDIER ROBOT WILDTRACK:**

To the glory of President Dogbolter!

[END OF REPRISE]

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

**3. INT. STATION CORRIDOR.**

FX. ONE OF THE SOLDIER ROBOTS IS ESCORTING MEL, HEAVY POUNDING OF ITS FEET ON THE METAL GANTRY OF THE CORRIDOR, HISS OF ITS HYDRAULICS.

**MEL:**

Remember, neither of them are to come to any harm.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

If you wanted them safe you shouldn't have sold them on. Too late to get cold feet now.

**MEL:**

I sold the ship not its crew.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Yeah? I wonder if the boss sees it that way.

FX. THEY STOP.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

I guess you're about to find out.

**MEL:**

(SOTTO, TO HERSELF) Right, you loathsome toad...

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Speciesist.

**MEL:**

I'm sorry?

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Toads are people too you know. They have feelings.

**MEL:**

Not this one.

(BEAT)

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Fair point.

FX. HE HITS A DOOR CONTROL, A LARGE DOOR SLIDES OPEN. MEL ENTERS AND WE CROSS TO INSIDE.

**4. INT. DOGBOLTER'S OFFICE. (CONT.)**

FX. MEL ENTERS. IT'S A LARGE OPULENT OFFICE, SOMEWHERE AN AQUARIUM BUBBLES AWAY GENTLY.

**MEL:**  
Dogbolter.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
Ms Bush. Finally. So lovely to see you.

**MEL:**  
The feeling is not reciprocated.

FX. SHE WALKS THE LAST FEW FEET TO HIS DESK AND SLAMS A COMPUTER TABLET ON IT.

**MEL:**  
Data tablet.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
I can see that, what is it to do with me?

**MEL:**  
It contains a contract clarifying that my debt is fully cleared. Sign it.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
In time, Ms Bush, in time. (CALLING) Hob!

FX. AN INNER DOOR OPENS AND HOB, A SPINDLY ROBOT THE SIZE OF SHORT MAN ENTERS.

**HOB:**  
Mr Dogbolter, sir?

**DOGBOLTER:**  
My right hand man and the only one in this infernal Solar System I can trust.

**MEL:**  
Well, when you can program your staff to be loyal...

**DOGBOLTER:**  
Precisely. I long gave up employing anything with a flesh brain, so unreliable.

**MEL:**  
(SARCASTIC) They would keep thinking for themselves.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Exactly.

**HOB:**

It's a pleasure to serve.

**DOGBOLTER:**

That said, Hob does have a great deal of autonomous function, don't you Hob?

**HOB:**

Yes, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**

I even let him have his own small portfolio, don't I Hob?

**HOB:**

Sewage disposal on Jupiter is currently showing a record profit, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Good boy. You've learned from the best. So, to business. Ms Bush, you've brought the time ship?

**MEL:**

You know I have.

**DOGBOLTER:**

And the operating manual?

FX. MEL UNZIPS A POCKET AND PULLS OUT A DATASTICK.

**MEL:**

Here on a datastick, you get it once the agreement is signed, not before.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Now, Ms Bush, does that sound like something I'd agree to? Naturally, I'm pleased you've been so good as to bring me the ship.

**MEL:**

You threatened to have me assassinated under galactic law if I didn't!

**DOGBOLTER:**

Alongside your travelling companions as abettors, yes. A harsh law but not one without precedent. If there's one thing the universe doesn't like it's a debtor.

**MEL:**

(BITTER) My debt to the Sperovores was supposed to be cancelled.

**DOGBOLTER:**

But it wasn't Ms Bush, it wasn't. Though they were pleased to find someone who was willing to buy it from them. At a fraction of the original amount, naturally.

**HOB:**

You are, as ever, the most astute of businessmen, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(POSITIVELY GLOWING) I know.

**MEL:**

I've fulfilled my end of the bargain. I've brought you the TARDIS and its manual. I want my debt cleared, and the assassins called off.

**DOGBOLTER:**

All in good time. First, I will, of course, need to verify the contents of that datastick. Mr Hob?

FX. HOB MOVES OVER TO MEL AND PRESSES A SWITCH ON HIS CHEST. THE BUZZ OF A SMALL COMPARTMENT OPENING.

**HOB:**

Built in dataport. Please hand me the datastick so I can analyse its contents.

**MEL:**

At which point you could copy it and I've lost any advantage.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Advantage? Ms Bush, what makes you think you have one of those? I didn't get where I am today by allowing people to have (AS IF IT WERE A DIRTY WORD) advantages. Or even a choice. You will hand the datastick over and I will then sign your document. That is simply how this must happen. How it will happen. There's no point in beating around the (COUGHS AT HIS LITTLE JOKE) bush.



**MEL:**

(SIGHS, GIVING IN) Fine. Here you go.

FX. HOB TAKES THE DATASTICK AND PLUGS IT IN.

**HOB:**

(AN ALMOST SEXUAL SIGH) What an interesting file formatting system. Quite thrilling.

**MEL:**

You're supposed to be reading it, not asking it out on a date.

**DOGBOLTER:**

How long do you need, Hob?

**HOB:**

(STILL SHIVERING AT THE PLEASURE OF IT ALL) It's a rather large file, Mr Dogbolter, sir. It will take me two point three minutes.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Then I suggest you make yourself comfortable, Ms Bush. There's a particularly fine Arcturian single malt over there in the decanter.

**MEL:**

No thank you.

**DOGBOLTER:**

You misunderstand me, I wasn't offering it to you, it's far too expensive to waste on staff. I was asking you to pour me one.

**MEL:**

I'm not a member of staff! Get your own drink.

**DOGBOLTER:**

No. You will do it for me. I'm making a point Ms Bush. Until I sign that document of yours I own you. And I will sign it, I'm a man of my word – usually – but you would do best to remember the position you're in. (POLITE BUT WITH STEEL) So fetch me a drink.

BEAT.

**MEL:**

(SIGHS) Fine...

FX. SHE HEADS OVER TO THE DECANter AND BEGINS TO POUR.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

**5. INT. CELL.**

FX. SMALL, METAL CELL, BARS ON ONE SIDE. THE DOCTOR WAKES UP WITH A START.

**DOCTOR:**

Mel! What are you—? (PETERS OUT AS HE REMEMBERS, NOW SAD)  
Oh Mel...

FX. HE GETS TO HIS FEET.

**DOCTOR:**

(GROANS, PAINED) Urghh... Phonic disruptors. Awful things. I shall have ringing ears for weeks.

FX. HE MOVES TO THE BARS.

**DOCTOR:** (THE VOICE ECHOES DOWN THE CORRIDOR)  
(LOUD) Guard!

FX. THE SOUND OF APPROACHING FEET.

**DOCTOR:**

(SEEING WHO IT IS) Oh no, not you...

FX. NARVIN ARRIVES.

**NARVIN:**

Hello Doctor. A pleasure to see you too.

**DOCTOR:**

(WITH A SNEER) Narvin. Don't tell me Mel has been co-opted by the Celestial Intervention Agency?

**NARVIN:**

Mel? Is that one of your travelling companions? One loses track.

**DOCTOR:**

Why have you locked me up?

**NARVIN:**

I haven't. As much as it pains me, I'm breaking you out.

FX. A SOUND NOT DISSIMILAR TO A SONIC SCREWDRIVER, FOLLOWED BY THE LOCK CLICKING BACK.

**DOCTOR:**

(SURPRISED) Is that a sonic screwdriver?

**NARVIN:**

(IRRITATED AND SLIGHTLY EMBARRASSED AT HAVING BEEN CAUGHT OUT) No it isn't.

**DOCTOR:**

(TEASING HIM) It looks like one.

**NARVIN:**

(DEFENSIVE) No it doesn't.

**DOCTOR:**

It does. It really does.

**NARVIN:**

It's a sonic... lockpick.

**DOCTOR:**

It's a sonic screwdriver, you're just embarrassed to admit you're copying me.

**NARVIN:**

(SIGHS) Very well, yes, it's based on your designs. It seemed a useful device so I had one made.

**DOCTOR:**

I have copyright you know.

**NARVIN:**

Do shut up and come on.

FX. HE OPENS THE GATE. THE DOCTOR STEPS OUT. WE FOLLOW.

**DOCTOR:**

(HUSHED TONES) Are there guards?

**NARVIN:**

No, there's a troop of soldier robots marching around the place but we're all clear for now.

**DOCTOR:**

Good. I presume Ace is also locked up here?

**NARVIN:**

I'm not breaking her out too.

**DOCTOR:**

Then give me your (PLACES SARCASTIC EMPHASIS) "sonic lockpick" and I'll do it. You know I won't help you if you leave her here.

**NARVIN:**

(SIGHS) She's in the cell at the far end.

FX. THEY WALK TOWARDS IT, WE FOLLOW.

**DOCTOR:**

(BEAT) I'm waiting.

**NARVIN:**

For what?

**DOCTOR:**

An explanation, a threat, an attempt at coercion. All usual when dealing with the CIA. (BEAT) Well, except for the explanation, I always have to fight for one of those.

**NARVIN:**

You're on Station Fourteen, a space station just outside Sol's Solar System.

**DOCTOR:**

Never heard of it.

**NARVIN:**

It's owned by the recently elected president of the Solar System, he uses it for diplomatic meetings. It's considered neutral territory. It would seem he also uses it for secret research work; work he would like to hide from interplanetary authorities.

**DOCTOR:**

Ah... which relates to why you're here I suppose?

**NARVIN:**

Indeed. Tell me Doctor, might you know anything about a stolen TARDIS?

**DOCTOR:**

(AWKWARD) Ah...

**6. DOGBOLTER'S OFFICE.**

FX. A BLEEPING 'I'M DONE' SOUND FROM HOB.

**HOB:**

Scan complete, Mr Dogbolter, sir. I'm pleased to say the document appears to be genuine.

**MEL:**

Happy now?

**DOGBOLTER:**

I didn't doubt it for a moment.

**MEL:**

So sign the contract freeing me of my debt – and ensuring the continued safety of myself, the Doctor and Ace – and our business is done.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Continued safety? Let me read this document of yours.

FX. HE PICKS UP THE DATA TABLET. PRESSES A BUTTON ON IT WHICH BLEEPS AND STARTS TO READ.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(CONSIDERING) Hmm... The Doctor was never part of this deal. I'm happy to clear your debt, Ms Bush and you are, of course, free to go. The other human girl too, she's of no interest to me. I will keep the Doctor though.

**MEL:**

That wasn't part of the agreement!

**DOGBOLTER:**

The Doctor played no part in our agreement at all – aside from the fact he was also under threat of death thanks to your illegal ways. I have made no promises as to his continued freedom.

**MEL:**

I'm not leaving here without him.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Then you're not leaving. You have nothing to bargain with Ms Bush. We had a deal and it's concluded. Hob, prepare a contract clearing Ms Bush of her debt but with no further legal assurances.

**HOB:**

Already done, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

FX. THE SOUND OF A SHEET OF PAPER BEING PRINTED FROM A UNIT IN HIS CHEST.

**MEL:**

(SARCASTIC) Built in dataport, built in printer, do you make toast too?

**HOB:**

(WITH GLEEFUL MENACE) The only thing I enjoy toasting Ms Bush are snippy humans, so please, continue to mock.

FX. HE TEARS IT OFF AND HANDS IT TO DOGBOLTER WHO TAKES IT. TALKING OVER THE ACTION.

**HOB:**

The contract, Mr Dogbolter, sir. I shall prepare a counter copy.

FX. HOB IMMEDIATELY PRINTS A SECOND COPY, DOGBOLTER TALKING OVER THE TOP OF THIS LAST ACTION.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Hob enjoys his work, Ms Bush, you would do well not to antagonise him. Now, let me see (READS THE SHEET OF PAPER) Yes, yes, that all seems acceptable and per our agreement.

FX. HOB TEARS OFF THE SECOND COPY.

**HOB:**

Ms Bush's copy, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

FX. DOGBOLTER TAKES THE SECOND COPY. REMOVES A PEN FROM HIS POCKET, UNCAPS IT AND SIGNS IT. THEN HANDS THE SHEET TO MEL.

**DOGBOLTER:**

If you would care to countersign it Ms Bush.

FX. MEL SNATCHES THE DOCUMENT FROM HIM.

**MEL:**

(READING) I don't think I would. This offers none of the assurances I was after.

**DOGBOLTER:**

It allows you to leave this office, debt free, with your life intact. That's all that was promised and it's all you're getting. Of course, if you're wanting to back out of the deal...? (LEAVES IT HANGING, TURNS TO HOB) What would Ms Bush's position be, Hob, were she to try to go back on this agreement?

**HOB:**

We could sue her for reneging on a verbal contract and instruct interplanetary authorities to terminate her with extreme prejudice.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(AS IF HE DIDN'T KNOW) Ah, so probably not the best course of action for you then, Ms Bush. I'd sign if I were you.

**MEL:**

(DEFEATED) I clearly have no choice.

FX. SHE SIGNS BOTH COPIES.

**DOGBOLTER:**

No. You never did, it's the only way to run a business. Now, if you would be so kind as to go away I have things to do.

FX. MEL STORMS OUT. THE DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING BEHIND HER.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(SIGHS) Well, that's that bit of business dealt with.

**HOB:**

Indeed Mr Dogbolter, sir. And expertly if I might add.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Oh hardly that, Hob, after all, we knew we'd get what we wanted didn't we? After all, the Doctor's ship has been ours for a very long time.

MUSIC: SEGUE.



**7. INT. CELL CORRIDOR.**

FX. THE SOUND OF NARVIN'S SONIC LOCKPICK. THE BARRED GATE OPENS.

**DOCTOR:**

Ace?

FX. ACE SHIFTS ON A BED, STILL UNCONSCIOUS.

**ACE:**

(GROAN)

FX. THE DOCTOR ENTERS AND SHAKES HER GENTLY.

**DOCTOR:**

Come on Ace, wakey wakey. Things to do.

FX. ACE SHIFTS AGAIN, THEN SITS UP WITH A START.

**ACE:**

Professor! (IMMEDIATELY REGRETS SITTING UP QUICKLY) Ow my head...

**DOCTOR:**

Take it slowly for a minute.

**NARVIN:**

But not too slowly, we have important things to do.

**ACE:**

(SHAKING OFF THE GROGGINESS, BECOMING INCREASINGLY ANGRY)  
Mel! Where is she? What's she playing at?

**DOCTOR:**

I don't know.

**ACE:**

I can't believe she turned on us!

**DOCTOR:**

She must have had a good reason.

**NARVIN:**

(SARCASTIC) Oh, that's alright then. I'm sure it's all just been a misunderstanding. (IMPATIENT) We need to go.

FX. ACE GETS TO HER FEET.

**ACE:**

(PAINED GROAN) Urgh... Who's your friend?

FX. THE DOCTOR AND NARVIN SPEAK AT THE SAME TIME.

**DOCTOR & NARVIN:**

He's no friend of mine.

**DOCTOR:**

(SIGHS) This is Coordinator Narvin, he's head of the CIA.

**ACE:**

CIA? He's an American spy? In that outfit?

**DOCTOR:**

A Gallifreyan spy. It stands for Celestial Intervention Agency.

**ACE:**

You lot have a CIA too? Bit of a coincidence isn't it?

**NARVIN:**

You can think that if you wish. (SHOWING OFF) My people get around.

FX. THEY ALL WALK OUT OF THE CELL, WE FOLLOW.

**ACE:**

So what's going on?

**DOCTOR:**

It would seem someone has stolen some Gallifreyan technology and is doing something... ill-advised with it.

**ACE:**

Gallifreyan technology? Like the TARDIS?

**NARVIN:**

(LOADED WITH SARCASM) Exactly like the TARDIS.

**ACE:**

Oh, you mean...

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, Ace, my TARDIS.

**ACE:**

(CONFUSED, THINKING SHE MUST HAVE BEEN HERE AGES.) But... if they've already been messing around with your TARDIS... How long ?

**NARVIN:**

What part of time machine do you not understand? The minute the president had it in his hands he could use it to go back in time and hand it to his earlier self. He's had access to the technology for as long as he wishes.

**ACE:**

Yeah, but that's a paradox isn't it? It would break the laws of time.

**NARVIN:**

Do you think someone willing to steal a TARDIS would worry about that?

**ACE:**

But I assumed it was dangerous. You know, not so much breaking the law as breaking the universe.

**DOCTOR:**

It depends on the size of the paradox. The universe can smooth out the odd bump.

**NARVIN:**

One can always get away with a certain amount of interference.

**DOCTOR:**

And you'd know all about that wouldn't you, Narvin? After all, interference is your job.

FX. THEY'VE REACHED A MAIN DOOR. THE SOUND OF THE LOCKPICK. THE DOOR HISSES OPEN.

**NARVIN:**

Coming from you? I don't know how you can keep a straight face, Doctor.

**8. INT. STATION CORRIDOR.**

FX. DOGBOLTER AND HOB WALKING ALONG.

**DOGBOLTER:**

I take it everything is prepared?

**HOB:**

I went through the Krasi protocols with extreme precision, Mr Dogbolter, sir. Every letter of their demands has been seen to. The temperature in the meeting room is precisely forty-seven degrees.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(GRIMACING) I shall boil.

**HOB:**

All surveillance systems have been deactivated.

**DOGBOLTER:**

All?

**HOB:**

I'm afraid so, Krasi scanning technology is top of the range, we couldn't shield against it.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Annoying.

**HOB:**

And refreshments have been provided according to Krasi dietary preference.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Which is?

**HOB:**

A brand of sparkling wine made from gold leaf.

**DOGBOLTER:**

How vulgar.

**HOB:**

And Talaka, some form of dry-cured amphibian as far as I can tell.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Amphibian? I shall try not to take that personally. Time until the scheduled meeting?

FX. THEY STOP WALKING.

**HOB:**

Five seconds and counting. (COUNTING DOWN) Five, four, three, two, one...

A LONG BEAT

**HOB:**

You are now late, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**

I hate to be a complete walkover. Door.

FX. HOB OPENS THE DOOR. STRAIGHT INTO NEXT SCENE.

**9. INT. MEETING ROOM (CONT.)**

FX. LARGE MEETING ROOM. HOB AND DOGBOLTER ENTER, WALKING TOWARDS THE MEETING TABLE AND THE WAITING CAPTAIN REGENT. THE CAPTAIN REGENT IS WEARING CEREMONIAL ARMOUR, SO WHEN SHE MOVES IT CLATTERS SLIGHTLY.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:** (SLIGHTLY OFF)  
You're late.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
My apologies, Captain Regent, the calls on my time are many and legion.

FX. HE MOVES TO THE TABLE.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
Chair, Hob.

**HOB:**  
Of course Mr Dogbolter, sir.

FX. HOB PULLS THE CHAIR OUT SO DOGBOLTER CAN SIT.  
DOGBOLTER DOES SO.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
(SITTING WITH A CONTENT SIGH) Thank you Hob, you may leave us.

**HOB:**  
Of course Mr Dogbolter, sir.

FX. HOB WALKS OUT, THE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES BEHIND HIM.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
I trust you have been enjoying the Talaka?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**  
One moment.

FX. THE BUZZ OF A SMALL DRONE AS IT ZIPS TOWARDS THEM.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
Camera drone?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**  
Naturally. I greatly enjoyed the Talaka.

FX. THE DRONE BLEEPS.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

I have not touched the Talaka.

FX. THE DRONE BEEPS.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

The Talaka was disgusting.

FX. THE DRONE BEEPS. THEN HOVERS THROUGHOUT THE SCENE.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Just creating a few options for editing purposes.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Never commit to a straight answer, eh?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

One must always control one's public narrative, Mr President. Those who control how they are perceived by the universal media are those who can do anything. It's the Krasi way.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Even when dealing with something as trifling as a snack?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Endorsing your kindly provided Talaka could be seen as overture towards political affiliation. It's best to commit to nothing. (BEAT) On camera at least.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Which is why we have cleared this entire room of surveillance equipment. You may speak freely and clearly.

**CAPTAIN REGENT.**

That is excellent. (BEEP) Unnecessary. (BEEP) An outrage. (BEEP)

**DOGBOLTER:**

(SIGHS) I can see this conversation may take some time...

MUSIC: SEGUE.

**10. INT. STATION CORRIDOR.**

FX. THE DOCTOR, NARVIN AND ACE WALKING ALONG.

**ACE:**

So we need to figure out what matey's up to with the TARDIS? And then stop him, right?

**NARVIN:**

You make it sound so simple.

**DOCTOR:**

(IGNORING NARVIN) Exactly, Ace.

**ACE:**

(ANGRY) And then figure out why Mel sold us out.

**DOCTOR:**

Please Ace, give her the benefit of the doubt. She's earned that much.

**ACE:**

We'll see.

**DOCTOR:**

So what drew you here, Narvin? Something must have happened to set CIA alarm bells ringing.

**NARVIN:**

The entire Solar System has become impenetrable. A closed temporal system that even a TARDIS can't enter.

**ACE:**

(SHOCKED) The entire Solar System? All of it?

**NARVIN:**

How charming, she says that like it's a big section of space. Yes. The (SARCASTIC) whole Solar System. Though we seem to be the only people to have noticed so far. We're right on the periphery of the containment bubble here, no coincidence I'm sure. Whatever the president is up to, this must be the control station and thus far he's managing to cover his tracks. Nor surprise, after all, President Dogbolter is renowned for—

**DOCTOR:**

(INTERRUPTING, THE NAME SURPRISES HIM) Dogbolter?

**NARVIN:**



The newly inaugurated president, yes.

**ACE:**

You know him, professor?

**DOCTOR:**

We've had our moments. He's the chairman of the Intra-Venus corporation. Or was...

**NARVIN:**

Still is. Not on paper you understand – for legal reasons – but it's an open secret. There's no way a man like Dogbolter would give up his business interests in the name of politics.

**DOCTOR:**

But who would vote for him?

**NARVIN:**

The majority, clearly. He ran with a populist agenda, his victory was a landslide.

**DOCTOR:**

He's a toad.

**ACE:**

(JOKING) You don't like him then?

**DOCTOR:**

No, I don't. I was being half literal though, he is a toad. Well, more of a frog really...

**NARVIN:**

He's an Anurian. A frog-like humanoid species from the Lydalip Cluster.

**ACE:**

(SARCASTIC) Oh yeah, there.

**DOCTOR:**

Whatever he's up to, it'll be all about money. It always is.

FX. THEY HAVE REACHED A MAIN DOOR. THEY OPEN IT. MEL WALKS OUT.

**MEL:**

(STARTLED) Oh! You've broken out. Of course you have.

**ACE:**

No thanks to you!

**MEL:**

I know, I'm sorry, I really am, but I had no choice.

**ACE:**

(SARCASTIC) You had no choice but to knock us out and give away the TARDIS to some frog bloke?

**MEL:**

He was going to kill us all if he didn't. It's alright though, listen, I have a plan.

FX. OFF, THE SOUND OF ROBOT SOLDIERS APPROACHING.

**ROBOT SOLDIER:** (OFF)

Halt! Unauthorised humans in corridor twelve.

**DOCTOR:**

Explanations later, run! Come on!

FX. THEY RUN, THE SOLDIER ROBOTS THUMPING AFTER THEM.

**11. INT. BOARDROOM.**

FX. THE CAMERA DRONE A CONSTANT PRESENCE, ZIPPING AROUND, HOVERING, ZIPPING BACK AGAIN.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

I take it your citizens are unaware of this meeting?

**DOGBOLTER:**

Do you really expect me to answer that? I may have removed cameras from the room but you haven't.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

I forget that you are supposed to operate openly. It is different amongst the Krasi, our people know not to question the decisions of their leaders. If they knew how to rule they would be doing it. Why have a Trilloxian Mule and bray yourself?

**DOGBOLTER:**

And yet you still control how you are perceived.

**CAPTAIN KRASI:**

By other species, not the Krasi. The Krasi do as they are told. You should adopt our system I think.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(WITH A SMILE) Ah! Which brings us neatly to the reason I suggested you visit. I have a proposition for you...

**12. INT. STATION STORE ROOM.**

FX. A SMALL STORAGE AREA, DOOR OPENS THE DOCTOR, NARVIN, ACE AND MEL RUN IN. THE DOOR CLOSES BEHIND THEM.

**ACE:**

(SOTTO) You think they saw us duck in here?

**DOCTOR:**

Shh!

FX. THE SOUND OF THREE SOLDIERS RUNNING PAST, THE HEAVY FEET FADE AWAY.

**NARVIN:**

Clearly not.

**MEL:**

I can fix this, just give me a minute.

FX. SHE STARTS MANIPULATING THE DATAPAD, LOTS OF BLEEPES.

**ACE:**

It'll take more than a few taps on a datapad to fix the mess you've got us in!

**MEL:**

(STILL TAPPING) I meant the soldiers. (FINISHES) There. I've sent a false message on the soldier robots command network, they think we've just been seen on the far side of the station.

**NARVIN:**

You have access to the data network?

**MEL:**

Complete access. Let me explain... Dogbolter contacted me a short while ago. My debt with the Sperovores was still outstanding.

**ACE:**

The professor sorted that out.

**DOCTOR:**

(UNCERTAIN) Well...

**MEL:**

No, he didn't. And under galactic law I was classed as a toxic debtor and placed under a judicial death sentence.

(WITH EXTRA WEIGHT) Alongside anyone who could be shown to be harbouring me.

**DOCTOR:**

(STARTING TO UNDERSTAND) Ah...

**MEL:**

Yes, that meant you and Ace too. There was a death sentence on all three of us.

**ACE:**

(SHRUGGING THIS OFF, STILL CROSS) Yeah? When isn't there?

**MEL:**

Dogbolter bought the debt and made it clear that the only way I could clear it – and therefore call the assassins off – was by handing over the TARDIS and its operational manual.

**ACE:**

So that's why you suddenly started taking an interest in how to fly her!

**DOCTOR:**

Ace, let her explain.

**NARVIN:**

Let her explain about the data network access, that could be useful, I don't care about the rest. You can sort out your private squabbles later.

**MEL:**

I encoded a virus on the datastick containing the manual. When I handed it over it gave me back door access to the whole network. Which means all we now have to do is wipe the manual from their servers and steal the TARDIS back.

FX. SHE STARTS TAPPING ON THE DATAPAD AGAIN.

**MEL:**

I'll need to get to a main terminal to wipe the files but I can trace the TARDIS from here.

**DOCTOR:**

I'm afraid it's not as simple as all that.

**MEL:**

Of course it is, they've only had both for a matter of a few minutes, it's not as if they can get up to much trouble in that time is there?

**NARVIN:**

You must love explaining things all the time, Doctor. Why else would you travel with people of such limited intelligence? Does it pander to your ego?

**MEL:**

What's he talking about?

**DOCTOR:**

Just find the TARDIS, Mel – or what's left of it – I'll explain on the way.

**MUSIC: SEGUE.**

**13. INT. ENGINE ROOM.**

FX. A LARGE DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR, ACE, MEL AND NARVIN ENTER. THE ROOM IS HUGE, FILLED WITH THE SOUND OF BURBLING TECHNOLOGY. THIS IS THE HEART OF DOGBOLTER'S SCHEME, THIS IS WHERE HE HOLDS THE SOLAR SYSTEM IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND.

**MEL:**

According to the data network, the TARDIS is stored here.

**ACE:**

Some help that is. It could take us hours to find it in here. Look at the place!

**DOCTOR:**

Impressive certainly, but what is it for?

FX. NARVIN IS WANDERING AROUND.

**NARVIN:**

(GETTING PROGRESSIVELY MORE ANGRY) That is a dimensional stabiliser! That is a temporal manifold! This, unless I'm very much mistaken, is a retrofitted reality gate manipulator. This entire room owes a debt to Gallifrey!

**DOCTOR:**

Not just Gallifrey. Look here...

FX. THE DOCTOR STARTS MANIPULATING SWITCHES.

**DOCTOR:**

A Sperovore possibility tracker.

**ACE:**

What's that when it's at home?

**DOCTOR:**

Sperovore technology is entirely based on the prediction of timelines. Tracking the likely outcome of all possible variables.

**MEL:**

And turning it to their advantage. I need computer access to wipe all trace of the operating manual.

**DOCTOR:**

There's a terminal over there.

FX. MEL WALKS OFF.

**ACE:**

If most of this stuff has been stripped from the TARDIS, how are we ever supposed to put it back together again?

**NARVIN:**

This isn't the product of a single TARDIS, it's worse than that. Most of this equipment is based on TARDIS technology but reworked. These aren't original components.

**ACE:**

So they're copied from the TARDIS not torn out of it? How is that worse? That means the TARDIS might still be intact.

**DOCTOR:**

Because stealing a TARDIS is one thing, learning the secrets of its function... (LEAVES IT HANGING)

**NARVIN:**

Dogbolter must have had teams of people secretly working on this for years. If the Solar System has a working understanding of this level of technology they just moved from mild irritation to major threat.

**DOCTOR:**

(WORRIED) And we all know what the Time Lords like to do when they feel threatened.

**NARVIN:**

I will do only what is necessary to safeguard the universe, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**

Your tiny little corner of it at least.

**MEL:** (OFF)

(CALLING OVER) I've done it. Introduced a data worm into the system, any files relating to TARDIS technology are being wiped as of now.

**NARVIN:**

It's a little late for that.

**DOCTOR:**



It's a start. (EARNEST) Listen to me Narvin, there will be a way to reverse this without resorting to extreme measures.

**NARVIN:**

Then I suggest you think of it Doctor, because right now the Solar System should count its blessings that it's cut off from the rest of the universe. I won't allow this abuse of our technology to continue, you know that.

**ACE:** (SLIGHTLY OFF)

Come and have a look at this.

FX. THE DOCTOR AND NARVIN MOVE A FEW FEET OVER TO ACE. AN EXTRA, DEEP, HYPNOTIC HUM OF TECHNOLOGY.

**DOCTOR:**

A dimension gate.

**ACE:**

Oh yeah, one of those.

**NARVIN:**

This must be the point of access to the closed system.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, that makes sense, they'd have to be able to allow traffic in and out.

FX. NARVIN EXPERIMENTING WITH THE EQUIPMENT. FLIPPING SWITCHES.

**NARVIN:**

This effectively allows full but controllable access to the Solar System. Ships can pass in either direction. Rather like an airlock. The traffic wouldn't even be aware it was passing through it, which partly explains how Dogbolter has managed to keep this situation secret.

**ACE:**

What are we waiting for then? We should get in there! See what's going on.

**DOCTOR:**

Entering a dimension gate isn't something you rush, Ace.

**NARVIN:**

It's not set up to work in here, shifting the focus would require complex calculations, get the calibration wrong and we'd be torn to quarks.

**ACE:**

Nice. Right, no hurry then, you take your time.

FX. OFF, THE MAIN DOOR OPENS. HOB ENTERS, FLANKED BY TWO ROBOT SOLDIERS.

**HOB:** (OFF BUT HEADING OVER)

Ah, Ms Bush, you had such an opportunity handed to you earlier, how foolish to throw it all away.

FX. HOB MOVES QUICKLY TO A CONSOLE, STARTS TAPPING BUTTONS.

**DOCTOR:**

(URGENT) No! Don't-[do that].

FX. THE DOCTOR'S VOICE VANISHES IN A HUGE SWELL OF THAT HYPNOTIC HUM, THE DIMENSION GATE FIRING.

**MEL:**

(SHOUTING OVER THE NOISE) What are you doing?

FX. THE NOISE DROPS BACK TO NORMAL.

**MEL:**

They've gone! All of them. What have you done to them?

FX. HOB MOVES OVER TO HER.

**HOB:**

Your friends have ceased to exist, Ms Bush. It seemed the simplest way.

**MEL:**

(FURIOUS) You psychotic little machine! There was no need to... (RUNS OUT OF STEAM, SO SAD) Oh Doctor... Ace...

**HOB:**

I shouldn't worry, you won't miss them for long. Soldiers?

FX. THE ROBOT SOLDIERS MOVE FORWARD, GREAT CLUNKING OF THEIR HEAVY LEGS.

**HOB:**

Kill her!

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

**EPISODE TWO:**

**[REPRISE:**

**HOB:**

*Ah, Ms Bush, you had such an opportunity handed to you earlier, how foolish to throw it all away.*

*FX. HOB MOVES QUICKLY TO A CONSOLE, STARTS TAPPING BUTTONS.*

**DOCTOR:**

*(URGENT) No! Don't—[do that].*

*FX. THE DOCTOR'S VOICE VANISHES IN A HUGE SWELL OF THAT HYPNOTIC HUM, THE DIMENSION GATE FIRING.*

**MEL:**

*(SHOUTING OVER THE NOISE) What are you doing?*

*FX. THE NOISE DROPS BACK TO NORMAL.*

**MEL:**

*They've gone! What have you done to them?*

*FX. HOB MOVES OVER TO HER.*

**HOB:**

*Your friends have ceased to exist, Ms Bush. It seemed the simplest way.*

**MEL:**

*(FURIOUS) You psychotic little machine! There was no need to... (RUNS OUT OF STEAM, SO SAD) Oh Doctor... Ace...*

**HOB:**

*I shouldn't worry, you won't miss them for long. Soldiers?*

*FX. THE ROBOT SOLDIERS MOVE FORWARD, GREAT CLUNKING OF THEIR HEAVY LEGS.*

**HOB:**

*Kill her!*

*END OF REPRISE. SCENE CONTINUES.]*

**14. INT. ENGINE ROOM.**

FX. A BLEEPING SOUND AS MEL PRESSES SOMETHING ON THE DATA PAD.

**MEL:**

Hob, stop the soldier robots.

**HOB:**

(SHOUTS TO THE ROBOTS) Hold your fire. (BEAT) Wait... why did I say that?

**MEL:**

Hob, are you armed?

**HOB:**

Of course I am. Built in neutronic death ray, I'm the most lethal PA in the galaxy.

**MEL:**

Then destroy the soldier robots.

**HOB:**

(INCREDULOUS) What?

FX. THE SOUND OF A GUN EXTENDING FROM HOB'S CHEST UNIT. IT FIRES TWICE. THE SOLDIER ROBOTS STAGGER BACK, WITH AN EXPLOSION FROM EACH, THEY TOPPLE TO THE FLOOR.

**HOB:**

Why did I do that? I didn't want to do that!

**MEL:**

Datapad, Hob, see it?

**HOB:**

Of course, but what has that to do with—

**MEL:**

(INTERRUPTS) Shut up.

HOB IS IMMEDIATELY SILENT.

**MEL:**

I introduced a virus into the computer systems via that datastick. I can control everything. Including you.

**HOB:**

But I'm separate from the computer systems! I run on an... (PENNY DROPS) I read the datastick.

**MEL:**

Yes, you did. And the only reason you're not in as many pieces as those soldier robots is because you might be useful. Do you want to be destroyed Hob?

**HOB:**

(TRYING TO DISMISS THE THREAT) Ms Bush, I am a robot, I may be blessed with fully organic speech patterns and emotional responses but you can hardly threaten me with such base—

**MEL:**

(INTERRUPTING, SHOUTING) Do you want to be destroyed?

FX. HOB DROPS TO HIS KNEES.

**HOB:**

(PANIC) No! Please! Look, I'm on my knees, begging you Ms Bush. Begging! I'll do anything but don't destroy me! Please! PLEEEASSE!!!

**MEL:**

My friends, you said they'd ceased to exist.

**HOB:**

I'm sorry, I was just following general orders, they were a security risk so I—

**MEL:**

Are they dead?

**HOB:**

(NO, BUT HE'S TRYING TO HIDE THE FACT) They... They're gone I'm afraid. Your friends are no more.

FX. AN ALARM GOES OFF.

**MEL:**

What's that?

**HOB:**

The automated security systems will have picked up the laser fire. More soldier robots will be converging on this room. (HINT OF HIS PREVIOUS SELF) I won't be able to stop all of them from killing you I'm afraid.

FX. MEL STARTS TAPPING ON HER DATAPAD, LITTLE Bleeps.

**MEL:**

Where's the access to the security alarm? I can't see it here!

**HOB:**

The alarm is on a separate system I'm afraid.

**MEL:**

(FRUSTRATED) It would be! Get up, we need to get out of here.

FX. HOB GETS TO HIS FEET.

**HOB:**

'We'? I'm no use to you Ms Bush, I'm a simple PA. Just leave me and run, that's your best option.

**MEL:**

Not a chance, you're Dogbolter's right hand man and I'm keeping you close.

FX. SHE RUNS TO THE DOOR.

**MEL:**

Come on!

FX. HOB FOLLOWS. MEL OPENING THE DOOR SLIGHTLY OFF.

**HOB:**

(QUIETLY, TO HIMSELF) Oh I'll come with you Ms Bush, and the first chance I get... I'll dismantle you piece by juicy piece.

**15. INT. BOARD ROOM/STATION CORRIDOR.**

FX. WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF THE ALARM, OFF. CAMERA DRONE STILL BUZZING AROUND.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

(PANICKED) What's happening? If you are experiencing security issues I shall return to my ship.

FX. SHE STANDS UP, A CLATTER OF CEREMONIAL ARMOUR.

**DOGBOLTER:**

I'm sure it's nothing, please stay seated, I shall investigate.

FX. HE STANDS UP AND MOVES TO THE DOOR. WE FOLLOW.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

(SHOUTING AFTER HIM) There can be no threat to our noble person. (BEEP/THEN KINDLY) We will offer any help needed. (BEEP/THEN FURIOUS) We will destroy this entire station and you in it!

FX. DOGBOLTER OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS OUT, THE ALARM GETTING LOUDER NOW. HE CLOSES THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. HE MOVES TO A COMMUNICATIONS PANEL. PRESSES A BUTTON WHICH BLEEP. HE MUTTERS OVER THE TOP OF ALL THIS AS SOON AS THE DOOR TO THE BOARDROOM IS CLOSED.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) Insufferable creature, threaten me again and I'll have your skull turned into a novelty ashtray. (ON THE COMMUNICATOR) Hob? What's happening? (BEAT, IMPATIENT) Hob?

CROSS TO NEXT SCENE.



**16. STATION CORRIDOR (CONT.)**

FX. ALARM STILL SOUNDING. MEL AND HOB RUNNING ALONG, DOGBOLTER'S VOICE COMING FROM A SPEAKER IN HOB'S CHEST.

**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

Hob!!

FX. THEY STOP RUNNING.

**MEL:**

Answer him. Tell him everything's fine.

FX. HOB ANSWERS THE CALL, PRESSING A BUTTON ON HIS CHEST.

**HOB:**

I'm here, Mr Dogbolter, sir. Apologies for the delay.

**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

Why are there alarms going off, Hob? Need I remind you I am in the middle of complex negotiations?

**HOB:**

A small security issue, Mr Dogbolter, sir. I'm dealing with it now. Nothing to worry about.

**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

Then turn the alarms off!

FX. A CRACKLE AND BEEP AS HE CUTS THE CALL.

**MEL:**

Where's the nearest access terminal for the alarm?

**HOB:**

Now, don't be cross, but you know I said the alarm was on a separate system?

**MEL:**

(IMPATIENT) Yes?

**HOB:**

I control it.

FX. HE TAPS A BUTTON ON HIS CHEST. THE ALARM STOPS.

**MEL:**

So you could have turned the alarm off at any point?

**HOB:**

Yes. But you didn't ask. You'll have to be a bit cleverer Ms Bush. You may control me but if you don't ask the right questions... (LEAVES IT HANGING).

**MEL:**

Listen you loathsome machine. I'll make it simple for you. If they catch me, the very last thing I'll do is force you to deactivate yourself. Understood? It would take a second, that's all, and I'll make the time even if it's the last thing I do. So from now on, your job is to keep me safe. Understood?

**HOB:**

(SNEERING) Understood, Ms Bush.

**MEL:**

Now, we need somewhere safe to lie low for a bit. Where would you suggest?

**HOB:**

I really couldn't say...

**MEL:**

Hob, please start deleting your logic circuits.

**HOB:**

Are you trying to lobotomise me!?

**MEL:**

That or get a straight answer, I don't care which.

**HOB:**

(RESIGNED) Fine... this way.

FX. HE HEADS OFF DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

**17. BOARDROOM.**

FX. A BLEEP AS THE CAPTAIN REGENT ACTIVATES HER COMMUNICATOR. CAMERA DRONE STILL HOVERING.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

(SPEAKING ON HER COMMUNICATOR) Captain Regent to control, if you don't hear from me in two local minutes I want an armed team on this station. Their orders are to destroy everything that isn't me.

FX. THE DOOR OPENS, DOGBOLTER ENTERS.

**DOGBOLTER:** (HEADING OVER)

As suspected, the most minor of issues.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

(INTO COMMUNICATOR) Cancel that last order.

FX. BLEEP AS SHE CUTS THE CALL.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

A minor issue that almost destroyed this entire station and everyone in it. I would suggest you avoided any further 'minor issues'.

**DOGBOLTER:**

You really should be less paranoid, my dear. You need to take a little more control over your life so that you can relax and really get on with the pleasurable business of ruling trillions of life forms. (BEAT) Luckily, I'm here to tell you exactly how you can do just that!

**18. INT. DOGBOLTER'S PRIVATE LOUNGE.**

FX. A BIG, OPULENT SPACE, A LARGE JACUZZI BUBBLES AWAY, THERE IS THE FAINTEST SOUND OF BUZZING FLIES FROM A STORAGE TANK. A DOOR OPENS, MEL AND HOB ENTER.

**HOB:**

Mr Dogbolter's private lounge. He's unlikely to come here for a few hours, his meeting with the Krasi will last at least that long.

FX. MEL WALKS AROUND, MOVING OVER TO THE JACUZZI (NOTE: JACUZZI IS A BRAND NAME AND THEREFORE WE STICK WITH THE SAFE, IF RATHER AMERICAN 'HOT TUB' IN DIALOGUE.)

**MEL:**

When was the last time someone changed the water in the hot tub? It's like green soup.

**HOB:**

Just the way he likes it, it reminds him of his childhood splashing around in the marshes of Anuria.

FX. MEL MOVES OVER TO THE TANK WITH THE FLIES, THE BUZZING NOW SLIGHTLY LOUDER.

**MEL:**

Please tell me this isn't the larder?

**HOB:**

Mr Dogbolter does enjoy a fresh Bell-fly when he's relaxing. Apparently the vibration in your mouth as they try to escape is almost as pleasurable as the taste.

**MEL:**

(DISGUSTED) Urghh... (BACK TO BUSINESS) That room back there, the place built from TARDIS and Sperovore technology. What is it?

**HOB:**

That's extremely top-secret information.

**MEL:**

Let's not go through all the tedious threatening again, Hob. A few minutes forcing you to reprogram yourself and you'll be unable to keep up in a conversation with a washing machine. Just answer the question.

**HOB:**

Well, as I sincerely doubt your life expectancy to amount to much, I suppose I may as well. It's a Quantum Possibility Engine.

**MEL:**

Which is?

**HOB:**

Well, I shall keep it simple in the hope you can follow. The Sperovores business empire is entirely built on their ability to track futures, yes?

**MEL:**

They can read future possibilities, yes.

**HOB:**

Combining that with Time Lord technology Mr Dogbolter, that towering genius, has created a sealed, programmable reality. You predict the possible outcomes of certain events and then ensure you make the most beneficial decisions. Either that or retroactively deal with problems as they occur. Simply, the Solar System is now entirely under his control.

**MEL:**

So when something happens he doesn't like he manipulates the machinery, rolls back time and reworks events so they come out in his favour?

**HOB:**

Precisely. Naturally most of it is run on automated systems, algorithms listening out for certain phrases or events, even someone as amazing as Mr Dogbolter can't monitor everyone in the Solar System. But, in truth, that's not necessary. We do very little. Just nudge events gently here and there.

**MEL:**

And people don't notice?

**HOB:**

It's a closed system. We use the border controls to monitor traffic in and out. All communications traffic is bounced from peripheral relay satellites, we already controlled the flow of traffic and communication so it's not difficult to disguise the fact the Solar System is in a bubble. Besides, people are easy to control. Most of the time we just massage trends, beliefs, perception.

People believe anything you tell them as long as you coach it in terms they're willing to accept.

**MEL:**

I suppose that explains how he became president. He rigged the election.

**HOB:**

Actually, no, they voted him in quite happily because he said all the things people wanted to hear. The Quantum Possibility Engine has helped afterwards though. You don't have to worry about fulfilling your election promises when you can just go back and edit reality so you never made them.

**MEL:**

But this is awful! I don't know why I should be surprised, given what I know about Dogbolter, but to enslave an entire Solar System, have everyone believing in a lie.

**HOB:**

Oh Ms Bush, don't be so naïve, people love believing in a lie. It's reassuring. As long as they're fed and entertained they don't care about anything else. When the Solar System existed as a random environment, with free will and chaotic events, it was a stress for everyone. Now it moves along like the well-oiled machine it is, everything acting in concert. You can stand there and bleat if it makes you feel better but the citizens of the Solar System? Guess what? They're blissfully happy!  
(LAUGHS)

MUSIC: SEGUE.

FX. A SOUND MONTAGE (THINK OPENING OF ROSE) ACTING AS A SEGUE. WE PULL AWAY FROM HOB'S LAUGHTER, WHISK THROUGH SPACE WITH A WHOOSHING SOUND AND DIP INTO EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, THE WHOOSHING SOUND CLARIFYING INTO THE WHOOSH OF FLYING VEHICLES, HONKING FUTURISTIC HORNS.

**19. EXT. EARTH STREET/INT. ACE'S BEDROOM (CONT.)**

FX. SOUNDSCAPE CONTINUES. INTO THE CITYSCAPE WE DRAW CLOSER TO ONE OF THE MANY HUGE VIDEO-SCREENS THAT FILL FUTURE EARTH AND HOLD ON IT FOR A FEW SECONDS, IT'S ALEX OFFERING A TRAIL FOR HIS FORTHCOMING SHOW.

**MUSIC: TRAILER STING (D.)**

**ALEX:** (D.)

Good morning Earth! Join me soon for three hours of current affairs and celebrity chat. With me in the studio this morning...

FX. A CLIP FROM A TV SHOW. THE GRATING TONES OF ITS STAR, TORKY, A MADE IN CHELSEA STYLE ALIEN CREATURE PUMPED FULL OF HELIUM, HAMMERING OUT HER CATCHPHRASE:

**TORKY:** (D.)

You're pulling my pseudopod!

FX. AUDIENCE LAUGHTER ERUPTS FROM THE CLIP AND WE PULL AWAY FROM THE SCREEN AS IT CUTS BACK TO ALEX IN THE STUDIO.

**ALEX:**

That's right: Torky, everyone's favourite star of Colour Me Venusian.

FX. WE ENTER AN APARTMENT, THE SOUND OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD FADING INTO THE BACKGROUND. THE SOUND OF ACE SLEEPING, GENTLE SNORING.

**ACE:**

(SNORING)

FX. AN ALARM BEEPS, LOUD AND PIERCING.

**ACE:**

(GROANS, GROGGY VOICE) Shut up...

**HOUSE:**

Please repeat command.

**ACE:**

(INSISTENT, MORE AWAKE) Alarm off!

FX. THE ALARM SWITCHES OFF. ALEX RUNS IN, LATE AND A BIT PANICKED.

**ALEX:**

(RUSHING) Morning sleepyhead.

FX. HE BENDS OVER AND KISSES HER. THEN DASHES AROUND OPENING AND CLOSING DRAWERS AND CUPBOARDS.

**ALEX:**

(SEARCHING, RUSHED) Coffee's on, croissants in the air oven, morning downloads activated.

**ACE:**

(GROANING) Stop being so good at mornings, you horrible lovely man.

**ALEX:**

Not so good. Late. Hope trains are on schedule.

**ACE:**

Are they ever?

**ALEX:**

Don't jinx it. The studio's already sending threatening emojis, they'll fire me one day.

**ACE:**

Never. I won't allow it. The money's too nice. What are you looking for?

FX. ALEX STOPS HUNTING.

**ALEX:**

My blue fedora. It goes better with this suit.

**ACE:**

The cat was sleeping in it last night.

**ALEX:**

Oh God...

FX. DASHES OUT OF THE ROOM.

**ACE:**

(CHUCKLES)

FX SHE GETS OUT OF BED. ALEX CALLS THROUGH FROM THE ROOM.

**ALEX:**



(EXASPERATED ROAR) Arghh! She's shed all over it! Who suddenly decided hats were fashionable again? I hate hats!

FX. BURSTS BACK IN.

**ALEX:**

Can I still wear this on air?

**ACE:**

The white fur makes you look distinguished. Now go, you've only got ten minutes to get to the station.

**ALEX:**

Oh god!

FX. DASHES OUT. BEAT. DASHES BACK. KISSES HER AGAIN.

**ALEX:**

(ALL ONE RUSHED WORD) Love-you-bye.

FX. DASHES BACK OUT. OFF, THE SOUND OF HIM RUNNING, THE FRONT DOOR HISSING OPEN AND THEN SHUT BEHIND HIM.

**ACE:**

(YAWNS)

FX. SHE HEADS OFF INTO THE BATHROOM.

**ACE:** (HEADING OUT)

House, shower!

FX. WE HEAR THE SHOWER BURST INTO LIFE IN THE NEXT ROOM.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

**20. EXT. CITY STREET/FOYER OF RESEARCH LAB.**

FX. BUSY STREET SOUNDS, NARVIN'S FOOTSTEPS MOVING UP A SET OF STEPS. HE PRESSES A BUTTON ON A SECURITY DOOR. IT BEEPS.

**COMPUTER:**

State name and department.

**NARVIN:**

Narvin, Development Lab.

**COMPUTER:**

Voice print confirmed.

FX. THE DOOR OPENS AND NARVIN ENTERS, WE FOLLOW AS HE MARCHES ACROSS A LARGE, MARBLE FOYER, FOOTSTEPS ECHOING.

**SECURITY OFFICER:**

Morning, Mr Narvin.

FX. NARVIN REACHES A LIFT, PRESSES A BUTTON, BING! THE DOOR OPENS AND HE ENTERS. DOORS CLOSE BEHIND HIM. LIFT HEADS AWAY.

**SECURITY OFFICER**

(TO HIMSELF) 'Morning Reg, how are you today Reg? Sorry I'm such a rude and unfriendly pig, Reg.' (SIGHS)

CUT TO.

**21. INT. NARVIN'S LAB.**

FX. THE FAINT SOUND OF A FLOOR POLISHER HUMMING AWAY DOWN THE CORRIDOR. LAB DOOR OPENS, THE FLOOR POLISHER A LITTLE LOUDER, NARVIN ENTERS.

**NARVIN:**

Lights.

FX. A CLUNK AND HUM AS STRIP LIGHTS TURN ON. NARVIN CLOSES THE DOOR, MUFFLING THE SOUND OF THE FLOOR POLISHER AGAIN.

**NARVIN:**

(ANGRY HUFF) Look at the state of this place. Just look at it.

FX. HE MOVES BACK TO THE DOOR OPENS IT. FLOOR POLISHER LOUDER AGAIN.

**NARVIN:**

(SHOUTING) You! Cleaner! Get in here!

FX. OFF, FLOOR POLISHER SWITCHED OFF. A PAIR OF FEET HEAD DOWN THE CORRIDOR TOWARDS NARVIN AND THE LAB, THEY ENTER, FOLLOWING NARVIN, WHO NEVER GIVES THEIR OWNER TIME TO SPEAK, RANTING OVER THE TOP OF ALL THE MOVEMENT ABOVE.

**NARVIN:**

(NEVER PAUSING) Do you have any idea what this lab is? The importance of the work I do here? My research is vital to the success of this company! If you've ever used a Caltron Air Oven – and who hasn't? – you've got me to thank! I designed the timing chip on the last five models! So next time you heat up whatever turgid ready meal people like you live off, remember that. And while you're remembering that, make a mental note to be as good at your job as I am at mine. Look at the state of this place! It's filthy! How am I supposed to do good work in here? (FINALLY PAUSES) Well? Speak man!

**DOCTOR:**

Sorry Mr Narvin, sir.

**NARVIN:**

Sorry won't get it clean, get your equipment back in here and get this place up to scratch.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, Mr Narvin, sir.

FX. THE DOCTOR HEADS OFF TO GET HIS CLEANING EQUIPMENT.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

**22. INT. TRAIN/EXT. PLATFORM.**

FX. HUM OF THE AIR TRAIN — THINK ELEVATED MONORAIL — SLOWING DOWN.

**TRAIN TANNOY: (D.)**

Next stop: Covent Garden Plaza.

**ACE:**

(SIGHS) Only ten minutes late, it's a miracle.

FX. THE TRAIN SIGHES TO A STOP. SHE GETS TO HER FEET AND MOVES TO THE DOORS. THEY HISS OPEN.

**TRAIN TANNOY: (D.)**

(RECORDED ANNOUNCEMENT) Mind the force fields. Mind the force fields.

FX. ACE EXITS AND WE FOLLOW, THE SOUND OF LOTS OF COMMUTERS DISEMBARKING AND MARCHING ALONG THE PLATFORM. WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF ONE OF THE VISION SCREENS, ALEX'S VOICE GETTING LOUDER AS WE APPROACH.

**ALEX: (D. INCREASING IN VOLUME AS ACE APPROACHES)**

...and we'll hear more from Torky after the news as she joins me to play Bed or Dead.

MUSIC: NEWS STING. (D.)

FX. ACE STOPS TO LISTEN.

**ALEX: (D.)**

This just in from the settlement on Dellfollett. Krasi warships have been seen heading towards the Solar System. The presence of such a notorious species in our sector of space is clearly cause for concern. We have contacted the President's office for confirmation of this and will give you updates as soon as we know-[more].

FX. A SUDDEN PULSING SOUND, DROWNING OUT EVERYTHING ELSE AND WE SUDDENLY JUMP BACK IN TIME A FEW SECONDS.

MUSIC: NEWS STING (D.)

**ALEX: (D.)**

This just in from the settlement on Dellfollett. They say a Krasi ship just gave them much needed assistance during a potentially disastrous situation involving a malfunctioning terraformer. The device — designed to

restructure local habitat to better suit the needs of inhabitants – had run out of control, threatening the safety of the colony itself. Luckily, our friends the Krasi were on hand to help.

**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

While I have never, and would never, open diplomatic talks with the Krasi I can't deny we owe them our gratitude today. Naturally, this also endorses everything I've said about the previous administration's willingness to cut corners with cheap equipment. Our friends on other colonies deserve the best we can give them. I'm happy to say I've just signed an executive order guaranteeing all colony terraformers will now be replaced with top of the range models from Intra-Venus inc. When people's lives are at stake, no decent president would fret about the expenditure. We just want our fellow humans to be safe.

**ALEX:** (D.)

President Dogbolter there, once again living up to his promises with regard human welfare amongst the stars.

**ACE:**

Glad I voted for him.

FX. SHE STARTS TO WALK ON, ALEX'S VOICE FADING AS SHE MOVES AWAY.

**ALEX:** (D.)

As you know I'm joined in the studio today by Torky from Colour Me Venusian.

**TORKY:** (D.)

Hiya!

**ALEX:**

Let's play... Bed or Dead!

MUSIC: QUIZ SHOW STING (D), MORPHS INTO A 'LIVE' MORE SERIOUS SEGUE.

**23. SECURITY STATION.**

FX. LARGE CHANGING ROOMS, ACE IS PUTTING ON POLICE GEAR, A BULLET-PROOF VEST, A HEAVY BELT JANGLING WITH KIT. A HUM AS A DRONE APPROACHES, THIS IS 'SARGE' THE ROBOT DISTRICT CHIEF. HE SOUNDS LIKE RAY WINSTONE PLAYING A POLICE SERGEANT.

**SARGE:** (F.)

Oi! Officer McShane, your street patrol was due to start at Oh Nine Hundred. Get your lazy aubergine in gear.

**ACE:**

Yeah, yeah, let me just get my kit on Sarge, I'm heading out now. (BEAT) Aubergine?

FX. SHE'S FINISHED GETTING READY. SLAMS HER LOCKER DOOR CLOSED.

**SARGE:** (F.)

Officer Higgins -- the little forager -- has been interfering with my speech centres again. Apparently he don't like it when I swear. Stupid little sherbet. I told him, if you don't like it, Higgins old son, I said, you can just stick it up your Aberdeen and fumble pelican while you're at it.

**ACE:**

You want me to take a look?

**SARGE:** (F.)

No! I want you out on your patrol!

FX. ACE HEADS OFF, HEAVY POLICE BOOTS, STRIDING ACROSS THE ROOM.

**ACE:**

I'm going! I'm going!

FX. SARGE HOVERS OFF, SHOUTING AS HE GOES.

**SARGE:** (F.)

Higgins! Where are you, you horrible little calamari! I'm going to cut your spelunking couch potato off and shove it up your armadillo!

**24. INT. NARVIN'S LAB.**

FX. WE CAN HEAR THE DOCTOR MOVING AROUND THE ROOM, CLEANING, WHIP OF A CLOTH, OCCASIONAL SPRAY OF A SQUIRTY BOTTLE.

**NARVIN:**

(UNDER HIS BREATH) I don't believe this... (SHOUTING)  
Cleaner! Come here!

FX. THE DOCTOR STOPS WHATEVER HE'S DOING AND WALKS OVER.

**DOCTOR:**

You know, I'm a little worried about the amount of anger you seem to feel.

**NARVIN:**

You should be!

**DOCTOR:**

Oh not for my sake, for yours, it can't be healthy.

**NARVIN:**

Healthy?! I'll tell you what's not healthy, and that's interfering with my calculations! Look at the whiteboard! Was that you who wrote that?

FX. THE DOCTOR WALKS A COUPLE OF STEPS TO THE WHITEBOARD.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh, that, yes, sorry... I noticed you'd made a couple of mistakes, sorry, I was trying to be helpful. You see, if  $x$  is defined as—

**NARVIN:**

(INTERRUPTING) Helpful? I spent hours working through those equations.

**DOCTOR:**

Probably why you got them wrong, I'm sure you were tired.

**NARVIN:**

They weren't wrong! And what's that? Bottom left.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh, that's just a risotto recipe that occurred to me while I was correcting your maths. I jotted it down so I didn't forget it. (SLIGHT LAUGH) Then I forgot it, sorry.



Do you have a spare piece of paper? I could just copy it down.

SUDDEN CUT TO:

**25. EXT. CITY STREET.**

FX. BLARE OF HORN AND TRAFFIC JUST TO SELL THE SUDDEN SWITCH IN LOCATION, THE DOCTOR IS SHOVED DOWN THE STEPS AND FALLS TO THE PAVEMENT.

**DOCTOR:**

(RESPONSE TO FALLING TO THE PAVEMENT)

**NARVIN:**

And never let me catch you in this building again!

**SECURITY GUARD:**

You're not supposed to push people like that, Mr Narvin, he could do you for physical assault.

**DOCTOR:**

(ROLLING ON THE FLOOR, SLIGHTLY PAINED) It's fine! I'm not really the litigious type.

**NARVIN:**

If I see him in this building again it won't be physical assault it will be murder!

FX. NARVIN STORMS OFF, THE DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING BEHIND HIM.

**SECURITY GUARD:**

Sorry about that.

**DOCTOR:**

Not to worry Reg, I'm sure something will turn up.

**SECURITY GUARD:**

You're living in the supported flats in Euston aren't you?

**DOCTOR:**

Yes.

**SECURITY GUARD:**

I'll try and delay your job dismissal going on the system then. You know what those council places are like, once they know you're out of work they won't let you back in.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh, I'm sure it won't come to that. Thanks Reg.

FX. HE GETS UP, BRUSHES HIMSELF OFF.

**SECURITY GUARD:**

Look after yourself mate. Sorry again. Head straight home, yeah? I can probably only delay your employment update by half an hour or so. And I'm telling you, the AI's that run the doors in those places are strict.

FX. THE DOCTOR HEADS OFF.

**DOCTOR:**

I'm sure I'll be able to reason with them. Bye Reg!

CUT TO:

**26. EXT. COUNCIL HOUSING.**

FX. A LOUD 'COMPUTER SAYS NO' SOUND FROM THE DOOR TO THE DOCTOR'S HOUSING BLOCK.

**COMPUTER:**

Resident no longer eligible for council-assisted accommodation. Please contact your local charity.

FX. THE DOCTOR IS IN FULL, FRUSTRATED RAGE, KICKING AND BEATING AT THE DOOR.

**DOCTOR:**

(FURIOUS) Let me in you stupid machine! You can't just throw me out!

FX. SAME 'NEGATIVE' ALERT SOUND.

**COMPUTER:**

Resident no longer eligible for council-assisted accommodation. Please contact your local charity.

**DOCTOR:**

(EXASPERATED, PINCHED, FURY) Oh you...! (COMPLETELY DEFLATES. SIGHS.) Never mind. It wasn't a very nice room anyway. But I shall miss the rats. (THINKS) Now I'm gone, who's going to feed the rats? (SAD) Oh dear... I hope they'll be alright.

FX. HE FLOPS DOWN ON THE STEPS.

**DOCTOR:**

Perhaps I'll just sit here for a minute and think about my options. Yes. That seems sensible.

FX. HEAVY POLICE BOOTS APPROACH.

**ACE:**

Oi, move on mate, no loitering.

**DOCTOR:**

Hello officer. I'm not loitering, I'm thinking.

**ACE:**

Then think while walking somewhere.

**DOCTOR:**

Well yes, but where? That's the thing.

**ACE:**

(SYMPATHETIC) You got kicked out of your housing?

**DOCTOR:**

Yes. I got fired because of some risotto. I think. It was all rather loud and confusing.

**ACE:**

You were working as a chef?

**DOCTOR:**

No, a cleaner. Why do you know any openings for chefs?

**ACE:**

Sorry, no.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh.

**ACE:**

What else can you do?

**DOCTOR:**

Practically everything I think. I like to be useful.

FX. ACE OPENS A VELCRO POUCH ON HER BELT, PULLS OUT HER PHONE. SHE STARTS TAPPING BUTTONS ON IT, LITTLE BLEEPS.

**ACE:**

Give me your phone, I'll transfer a couple of support numbers to it.

**DOCTOR:**

Phone? No. Don't have one of those.

FX. SHE STOPS TAPPING. THE DOCTOR PATS HIS POCKETS EXTENSIVELY.

**DOCTOR:**

I think I spotted a pen on my travels though this jacket earlier though.

FX. PULLS OUT A PEN, TAKES THE CAP OFF.

**DOCTOR:**

Felt tip. Silver. (PLEASED) Ooh! With glitter in it. That's nice. Show me the screen, I'll write the number on my hand.

**ACE:**

(SIGHS) But without a phone you won't be able to call it.

**DOCTOR:**

(WRITING) Very true, but you never know, I might think of something.

FX. HE PUTS THE CAP BACK ON HIS PEN.

**ACE:**

Sorry mate, there's not much else I can do.

**DOCTOR:**

That's quite alright officer, I understand. (SUDDEN THOUGHT) I don't suppose the security department are hiring? I'd make a good police officer.

**ACE:**

You have to train.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh. I don't think I'd be very good at that. No. Never mind.

FX. HE STARTS TO WALK OFF.

**DOCTOR:**

(CALLING BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER) Thank you!

FX. HE STOPS.

**DOCTOR:**

(CALLING BACK) Oh! And if you spot any rats around here, do feed them won't you? And apologise on my behalf.

FX. HE HEADS OFF AGAIN.

**ACE:**

(TO HERSELF) Crazy.

**27. INT. BOARDROOM.**

FX. BUZZING OF THE CAMERA DRONE.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

An entirely programmable system?

**DOGBOLTER:**

Entirely.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Built from Sperovore and Time Lord technology.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Absolutely.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

And you can control everything within it?

**DOGBOLTER:**

Within reason. You're interfering with laws of nature, there will always be limits. It's a subtle machine, not a hammer with which to pound your populace to dust.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

So if actions of sufficient weight occurred within the system you wouldn't be able to change them?

**DOGBOLTER:**

Define 'sufficient weight'.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

A mass uprising, perhaps. The heat death of the Sun. An invading force.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Ah... no, that would be beyond it. It is simply a way of massaging normal reality, of gently manipulating the status quo. But if you're any sort of leader that's all you need.

(BEAT)

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

It's very impressive. The Krasi would certainly be interested in owning something like that.

**DOGBOLTER:**

I thought so, shall we talk numbers?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

No, let's talk surrender terms.

(BEAT)

**DOGBOLTER:**

Excuse me?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

We've had our eye on the Solar System for a while but were never quite sure if it was worth the effort. You've convinced me. We'll be talking over.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Taking over? You mean invading?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

I mean war, Mr President.

FX. SHE LEANS FORWARD, A CLATTER OF HER ARMOUR.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Unless you surrender immediately of course. After all, you've just told me that your clever engine would not be enough to stop us. You have about ten hours before a fully armed Krasi fleet arrives on your doorstep. You have until then to decide.



**28. INT. DOGBOLTER'S PRIVATE LOUNGE.**

FX. A SLIGHT FRAZZLING SOUND FROM HOB'S CIRCUITRY.

**HOB:**

(RESPONSE SOUND, SLIGHT DISCOMFORT) Hmph.

**MEL:**

What's wrong?

**HOB:**

Oh nothing, Ms Bush, nothing. I've just been working on some internal repairs that's all.

**MEL:**

(CONCERN) Internal repairs?

**HOB:**

(PLEASED, HOMICIDAL) Yes. Burning out the remains of that naughty virus of yours.

**MEL:**

Oh.

FX. HOB ADVANCES ON HER, SLOWLY.

**HOB:**

Yes, Ms Bush, 'oh'. (CHUCKLES) Go on, try and stop me.

FX. MEL STARTS TAPPING ON HER DATAPAD, HASTY BEEPS.

**HOB:**

Can't do it can you? (LAUGHS) Keep trying, Ms Bush, I'd say you have another five seconds to get it right before... (PAUSES FOR EFFECT) I tear you apart!

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

**EPISODE THREE:**

[REPRISE:

*FX. A SLIGHT FRAZZLING SOUND FROM HOB'S CIRCUITRY.*

**HOB:**

*(RESPONSE SOUND, SLIGHT DISCOMFORT) Hmph.*

**MEL:**

*What's wrong?*

**HOB:**

*Oh nothing, Ms Bush, nothing. I've just been working on some internal repairs that's all.*

**MEL:**

*(CONCERN) Internal repairs?*

**HOB:**

*(PLEASED, HOMICIDAL) Yes. Burning out the remains of that naughty virus of yours.*

**MEL:**

*Oh.*

*FX. HOB ADVANCES ON HER, SLOWLY.*

**HOB:**

*Yes, Ms Bush, 'oh'. (CHUCKLES) Go on, try and stop me.*

*FX. MEL STARTS TAPPING ON HER DATAPAD, HASTY BEEPS.*

**HOB:**

*Can't do it can you? (LAUGHS) Keep trying, Ms Bush, I'd say you have another five seconds to get it right before... (PAUSES FOR EFFECT) I tear you apart!*

*END OF REPRISE, SCENE CONTINUES.]*

**29. INT. DOGBOLTER'S PRIVATE LOUNGE (CONT.)**

FX. MEL BACKING AWAY, NO LONGER TAPPING ON THE DATAPAD, HOB ADVANCING.

**MEL:**

(GOADING HIM) Tear me apart? You're just a weedy little PA droid.

**HOB:**

Weedy? I could pull your arm off without even getting my servos warm! (SOUND AS HE'S LASHING OUT) Rar!

FX. HOB LASHES OUT, HIS ARM KNOCKING A VASE OFF A TABLE. IT SMASHES.

**MEL:**

(GOADING) Careful! You can't go smashing "Mr Dogbolter, sir's" expensive things! "Mr Dogbolter, sir" will make you pay for them!

**HOB:**

That was your fault! I'll tell him it was all your fault! Come here!

FX. HE RACES TOWARDS HER.

**MEL:**

Mind where you're going, Hob! Otherwise...

FX. SHE SHOVES HIM.

**MEL:**

(EFFORT OF SHOIVING)

**HOB:**

(SURPRISE) Huh?

FX. A LOUD SPLASH AS HE ENDS UP IN THE HOT TUB. A FRAZZLE OF ELECTRICS AND THRASHING IN THE WATER THAT RUNS UNDER THE NEXT FEW LINES.

**MEL:**

...You might fall into the hot tub. (BEAT) For a super-intelligent robot you really are a bit of an idiot aren't you?

**HOB:**

(VOICE MALFUNCTIONING) Kill you! Stupid human! Still control... the alarm...

FX. HE THRASHES AT THE BUTTON ON HIS CHEST, WHICH GIVES A SLIGHTLY WATER-LOGGED BEEP. THE ALARM GOES OFF (AS IN SCENE 14). HOB GIVES UP, THE THRASHING AND SPARKING DYING DOWN.

**MEL:**

Alarm. Great. Should have thought of that.

FX. SHE RUNS FOR THE DOOR, IT OPENS AND CLOSES BEHIND HER AS SHE SPRINTS FROM THE ROOM.

**30. INT. BOARDROOM.**

FX. THE CAPTAIN REGENT STANDS UP WITH A CLATTER OF ARMOUR. THE CAMERA DRONE BUZZING AROUND HER.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

I'll leave you to think about your preparations for complete and abject subjugation, shall I?

**DOGBOLTER:**

But this is preposterous! I'm offering to sell you the technology! There's no need for us to go to war over it.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

But we like war, Mr President, we're very, very good at it. One moment... Drone?

FX. IT ZIPS TO HER.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Full self-destruct and wipe.

FX. A LONG BEEP AND THEN A 'WHUMPF' OF IMMOLATING INNARDS FROM THE DRONE — THINK A MISSION IMPOSSIBLE TAPE SELF DESTRUCT — AND THE DRONE FALLS TO THE GROUND WITH A CLUNK, DISABLED.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

The Krasi wouldn't want the footage of the last few minutes going public, I'm sure you understand.

FX. SHE WALKS OUT, ARMOUR CLATTERING, SHE PRESSES A BUTTON AND SPEAKS ON HER COMMS.

**CAPTAIN REGENT: (LEAVING)**

Control? I'm leaving now, have all weapons banks locked on vital station systems until I'm safely onboard. If they try anything, split this entire station in half.

FX. THE DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES BEHIND HER.

BEAT.

FX. THE ALARM GOES OFF (CAUSED BY HOB IN THE PREVIOUS SCENE). MUTED HERE IN THE BOARDROOM.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(QUIET, UTTERLY FLUMMOXED, NOT NOTICING THE ALARM) War? (BEAT) But that's so expensive!

FX. HE GETS TO HIS FEET, WE FOLLOW HIM OUT OF THE ROOM, DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING AS HE PASSES. THE ALARM IS LOUDER OUT HERE. HE TAPS ON THE COMMUNICATIONS PANEL (SEE SCENE 15).

**DOGBOLTER:**

Hob? I need you... (SHOUTING) Hob?

CROSS TO:

**31. INT. DOGBOLTER'S PRIVATE LOUNGE (CONT.)**

FX. THE ALARM, THE BUBBLING HOT TUB, AND DOGBOLTER'S VOICE COMING FROM HOB'S SUBMERGED CHEST. A VOICE YELLING THROUGH A RADIO FROM UNDERWATER.

**DOGBOLTER:** (D. UNDERWATER.)

Hob! (ROARING) HOB!!!!

**32. INT. STATION CORRIDOR.**

FX. MEL RUNNING ALONG, OFF THE SOUND OF ROBOT SOLDIERS.

**MEL:**

(TRYING TO KEEP IT TOGETHER BUT FEELING PRETTY HOPELESS)  
Oh Melanie... now what are you going to do? Got to find  
somewhere to lay low... think for a bit...

FX. THE ROBOT SOLDIERS, OFF, SHOUT.

**ROBOT SOLDIER:** (OFF)

Halt! Unauthorised human in corridor eighteen!

FX. THEY FIRE, THE LASER BLAST EXPLODING NEAR MEL.

**MEL:**

(RESPONSE TO THE LASER) Ah!

FX. SHE RUNS. THE ROBOT SOLDIERS PURSUE.

MUSIC: SEGUE.



**33. INT. CORRIDOR.**

FX. ALARM HAS STOPPED NOW. DOGBOLTER IS WALKING ALONGSIDE ONE OF THE SOLDIER ROBOTS.

**DOGBOLTER:**

War.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

(EXCITED) Yes sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Actual war.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

(EXCITED) Yes sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**

With horrible Krasi blowing up all my nice things.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

And us blowing up theirs, sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Is that supposed to make it feel better?

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Works for me, sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Are you mad?

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Just a soldier, sir, kind of comes with the programming.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Oh... yes, I suppose it would.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

I went out with a coffee maker once.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(NOT INTERESTED) Really?

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Yes sir. Loved her coffee.

**DOGBOLTER:**

I imagine she did.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Couldn't get enough of it.

FX. THEY STOP OUTSIDE DOGBOLTER'S PRIVATE LOUNGE.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Go away now, and find Hob.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

And Melanie Bush, sir?

**DOGBOLTER:**

If you like. I don't altogether care anymore.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Right, sir.

FX. STOMPS OFF. DOGBOLTER OPENS THE DOOR TO HIS LOUNGE,  
WE FOLLOW HIM INSIDE.

**34. INT. DOGBOLTER'S PRIVATE LOUNGE.**

FX. DOGBOLTER ENTERS. DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND HIM.

BEAT.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(STILL CAN'T GET HIS HEAD AROUND IT) War.

FX. HE STARTS UNDRESSING, KICKING OFF HIS SHOES, THE POP OF BUTTONS, CUFFLINKS, ZIPS, CLOTHES BEING DROPPED TO THE FLOOR, TALKING WHILE HE DOES SO.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(WHILE UNDRESSING, PONDEROUS) I've built such nice things. A really great Solar System. The best. Nobody could have done it better than me. Nobody. It makes money, it's shiny, it's profitable, it's hard-working, it's lucrative and it's mine. And now? Now some stupid idiots are going to come along and blow great chunks off it. They're going to break it. And not just anyone, no... most forces in this galaxy I could deal with. The Kremmin? I'd like to see them try! The Dwelf? Not a chance! I'd have them cowering in their carapaces on day one. But the Krasi? (BEAT) I just don't know if I can beat the Krasi.

FX. HE PADS OVER TO THE FLY LARDER, OPENS THE LID, BUZZING GETS LOUDER. HE GRABS A HANDFUL.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Come here my juicy pretties.

FX. SHOVES THEM IN HIS MOUTH. THE MUTED SOUND OF BUZZING INSIDE HIS MOUTH AS HE PUTS THE LID BACK IN PLACE.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(MOUTH FULL, CONTENTED NOISES AS HE ENJOYS THE SENSATION, MAKE THE MOST OF THIS BIT. THEN...)

FX. HE CHEWS. MUTED POPPING AND SILENCE CREEPING IN AS ALL THE FLIES ARE SQUISHED. HE SWALLOWS.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(SIGH) Tasty. They may try and take my Solar System, but they'll never take my Bell-flies.

FX. HE PADS OVER TO HIS HOT TUB. SLOWLY GETS IN.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(SIGHS AS HE SINKS IN) Just need to relax. Yes. I'll think of something.

FX. A BEAT. THEN HOB ERUPTS FROM THE WATER, HIS VOICE DISTORTED AND DAMAGED.

**HOB:**

(WATER DAMAGED) Mr Dogbolter, sir!

FX. AT THE SAME TIME:

**DOGBOLTER:**

(SCREAMS)

MUSIC: SEGUE.

**35. EXT. CITY STREET.**

FX. TRAFFIC, ACE WALKING ALONG ON PATROL. A NEWS IDENT FROM A NEARBY VIDEO SCREEN.

MUSIC: NEWS IDENT (D.)

**ALEX:** (D.)

This is an emergency news bulletin.

**ACE:**

(TO HERSELF) What now?

FX. SHE MOVES OVER TO THE VIDEO SCREEN, THE BROADCAST GETTING LOUDER AS SHE DOES.

**ALEX:** (D.)

Reports are coming in that a fleet of Krasi warships are en route towards the Solar System.

FX. PHONE RINGS IN ACE'S POCKET, SHE TAKES IT OUT AND ANSWERS IT, MOVING AWAY SLIGHTLY. FROM NOW ON, ALEX'S BROADCAST CONTINUES OFF, QUIETLY RUNNING UNDERNEATH THE PHONECALL.

**ALEX:** (PHONE)

You near a video screen?

**ACE:**

Yeah, which is weird, because you're on it. How can you be on the phone and onscreen?

**ALEX:** (PHONE)

The broadcast is automatic, DupeCom software. They keep my CGI profile and personality matrix on file so they can get straight on air.

**ACE:**

Thought your hat looked suspiciously cat-hair free.

**ALEX:** (PHONE)

Same with the president. Half the announcements we get from him are computer generated, it's all algorithms and special effects but you'd never know. (BEAT) Probably not supposed to admit that. Anyway... I'm hearing this at the same time as you are.

**ACE:**

How serious is it?

**ALEX:** (PHONE)

Not sure, I'm waiting to hear back from the studio to see if they need me to come in.

**ACE:**

(TEASING) Why bother? The pretend you's doing a great job.

**ALEX:** (PHONE)

(DEADPAN) Ha ha. Give it time, they're bound to fire me and go full CG soon. For now I'm hanging on in there... Oh, hang on, what's this now?

[DIALOGUE FOR THE SCREEN PLAYING QUIETLY IN THE BACKGROUND:

**ALEX:** (SCREEN)

The Krasi recently showed kindness to our colony on Dellfollett, helping to repair a malfunctioning terraformer that threatened the lives of everyone on the planet. At the time we received reassurances from the president with regards the Krasi.

(WE PLAY A SEGMENT FROM THE INTERVIEW FROM SCENE 22, NO NEED TO RE-RECORD)

**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

*While I have never, and would never, enter diplomatic talks with the Krasi I can't deny we owe them our gratitude today.*

**ALEX:** (SCREEN)

Prior to the recent election, competitors frequently accused Mr Dogbolter of receiving assistance in preparing his campaign from the Krasi, a race known for their media skills. An accusation he refuted at the time.

**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

Well, I have the opposition running scared, what can I say? Of course they're going to come up with this sort of thing. They can't beat me on my policies so they're trying to attack me in other ways. I've received no help from the Krasi whatsoever, in fact, I'm not sure I've ever even spoken to a Krasi. Certainly never met one. I have no need for outside help, nor spin doctors, nor dirty tricks.

(TIMING: AS THE PHONE CONVERSATION RUNNING IN SYNC WITH THE ABOVE, REACHES ALEX'S LINE STARTING, 'A COMPUTER'S GOOD...' THE ABOVE SPEECH IS INTERRUPTED AT WHATEVER POINT IT'S REACHED, ALEX LEAPING BACK IN WITH AN UPDATE:)]

**ALEX:** (SCREEN)

Breaking news just in.

(THIS IS WHAT ALEX REACTS TO IN THE PHONE CONVERSATION, WHEN HE SAYS "OH, HANG ON, WHAT'S THIS NOW?" ACE MOVES BACK TO THE VIDEOSCREEN WHICH GETS LOUDER AGAIN)

**ALEX:** (SCREEN)

The Chief Regent of the Krasi has made an announcement to intergalactic news networks, with regards her people's movement towards Earth.

**CHIEF REGENT:** (D.)

The people of the Solar System are living under the yoke of a tyrant. A man whose duplicity and immorality can no longer be tolerated, the reign of Dogbolter ends to—[day]

FX. SAME PULSING SOUND AS SCENE 22, TIME BEING ROLLED BACK.

**ALEX:** (SCREEN)

Breaking news just in. This message from President Dogbolter.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Peoples of the Solar System! It grieves me considerably to make this announcement. As you know, for some time I have been concerned that the Krasi might make hostile manoeuvres towards our part of the galaxy. Did I not warn my predecessor about it time and time again? If only he had listened. Perhaps then this situation could have been avoided. No matter, myself and my military advisors have been discussing our plans in the face of Krasi opposition and I can assure you, while they may come, they will find us ready. The Solar System has never been in such a strong position, our armed forces – the most highly-skilled in the galaxy – stand ready to oppose them every step of the way.

**ALEX:** (SCREEN)

More updates as we have them.

MUSIC: NEWS IDENT.

FX. THE SCREEN GOES QUIET. ACE RETURNS TO HER PHONECALL.

**ACE:**

It's really happening isn't it?

**ALEX:** (PHONE)

We always knew it could. He's right, he warned us enough times.

**ACE:**

(CONFUSED) Did he?

**ALEX:** (PHONE)

You know he did, stopping the Krasi was one of his main policies when standing for election.

**ACE:**

(SHE'S STRUGGLING, MULTIPLE MEMORIES JUMBLED TOGETHER)  
Did he? I... don't remember... I'm not even sure I  
remember the election... How could I not remember the ele  
—

**ALEX:** (PHONE)

(INTERRUPTING) Sorry! Got to go, studio's on the other  
line. Speak to you later, love you!

FX. HE HANGS UP.

**ACE:**

(STILL CONFUSED) Love you too. (BEAT) Don't I?



**36. INT. NARVIN'S LAB.**

FX. NARVIN IS PACING UP AND DOWN.

**NARVIN:**

*Preposterous, absolutely preposterous.*

FX. HE MARCHES TO A WORKBENCH, STARTS SCROLLING THROUGH THE COMPUTER USING A TOUCH SCREEN, LITTLE Bleeps AS HE TAPS THE SCREEN.

**NARVIN:**

Nothing of use there, absolutely nothing!

FX. HE MOVES TO A PHONE, PICKS IT UP, PRESSES A BUTTON.

**NARVIN:**

Switchboard? Put me through to Symons in Tech. (BEAT) Of course I'll hold, just get on with it.

FX. HE STARTS TAPPING HIS FINGERS ON THE DESK, WAITING IMPATIENTLY.

**NARVIN:**

(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF) I can't be the only person with a functioning brain in the building surely? Do these idiots not understand basic science? (THE CALL IS ANSWERED) Symons? Narvin in Development. Listen, I'm looking through the tech supplies manifest and I just don't understand why so many essential components aren't available. (BEAT, LISTENING) An example? How about a charged vaccum resonator? A vortex manipulator? A simple atom accelerator? How you expect me to build anything worthwhile without the simplest of components is— (HE'S INTERRUPTED) What do you mean you've never heard of them? You head the tech department don't you? (BEAT) Then surely you must be famil—

FX. PULSING SOUND, TIME ROLL BACK. WE GO BACK TO THE START OF THE SCENE.

**NARVIN:**

*Preposterous, absolutely preposterous.*

FX. HE MOVES TO HIS WHITEBOARD. STARTS SCRIBBLING.

**NARVIN:**

If they want to build a truly worthwhile timing switch in an air oven, surely a simple prediction sensor is an

obvious addition? You can't burn your Sunday roast if the oven is capable of predicting the incineration rate using a simple temporal scan. Quick check of future probability, Oops! The dinner is charcoal, re-calibration occurs... It's the simplest bit of temporal mechanics, so why aren't they-

FX. PULSE, ROLL BACK TO THE START OF THE SCENE.

**NARVIN:**

*Preposterous, absolutely preposterous.*

FX. HE MOVES TO A WORKDESK AND STARTS TAKING APART A MACHINE. PRISING THE BACK OFF IT. HE DROPS THE BACK TO ONE SIDE.

**NARVIN:**

Just look at it! How can you fit anything of worth in a fixed space that small? Just slip a dimension dam in place, and then we could fit a whole room's worth of useful circuitry into...

FX, PULSE, ROLL BACK TO THE START OF THE SCENE.

**NARVIN:**

*Preposterous, absolutely preposterous.*

FX. HE SLUMPS DOWN INTO A CHAIR.

**NARVIN:**

This is ridiculous, I'm exhausted and it's only...  
(CHECKS) Three o'clock. I'll never get anything done at this rate.

**37. EXT. STREET.**

FX. TRAFFIC SOUNDS, THE DOCTOR WALKING ALONG.

**DOCTOR:**

It's no good, I'm lost. How can I be lost? I know this place like the back of my hand.

FX. HE STOPS.

**DOCTOR:**

Surely that used to be The Strand. Of course it did... I played marbles with Virginia Woolf just along-

FX. PULSE SOUND. TIME ROLL BACK TO THE START OF THE SCENE.

**DOCTOR:**

*It's no good, I'm lost. How can I be lost? I know this place like the back of my hand.*

FX. HE STOPS.

**DOCTOR:**

Wait, I'm sure that used to be the Lyceum? Of course it did! I took Sarah there once to see Irving's Lear! We were thrown out when I dropped my choc-ice on the head of the Earl of-

FX. PULSE SOUND. TIME ROLL BACK TO THE START OF THE SCENE.

**DOCTOR:**

*It's no good, I'm lost. How can I be lost? I know this place like the back of my hand.*

FX. HE STOPS.

**DOCTOR:**

I should just walk down to the river. Yes. Surely that way leads to Waterloo Bridge. (REMINISCING) Ah... fighting the Bandrills with that chap from the Kinks, what was his name ag-

FX. PULSE SOUND. TIME ROLL BACK TO THE START OF THE SCENE.

**DOCTOR:**

*It's no good, I'm lost. How can I be lost? I know this place like the back of my hand.*

**38. INT. STATION 14 SERVICE DUCTS.**

FX. MEL WORKING HER WAY ALONG THE NARROW SERVICE DUCTS, CRAWLING ON HER HANDS AND KNEES.

**MEL:**

(MUTTERING QUIETLY TO HERSELF) Save me from a life of cramped service ducts.

FX. SHE STOPS, SHUFFLES INTO A SITTING POSITION, TAKES OUT HER DATAPAD AND STARTS TAPPING.

**MEL:**

(MUTTERING QUIETLY TO HERSELF) There must be something here I can...

**HOB:** (D)

(CHIRPY, LOUD) Voice interaction system engaged.

**MEL:**

Hob?

**HOB:** (D.)

(CHIRPY, LOUD) I am the Helpful Operation Bot! Here to help you navigate the systems here of Station 14.

**MEL:**

(PANICKING) Can you do it quietly?

**HOB:** (D.)

(CHIRPY, QUIET) Sure thing!

(BOTH STAY HUSHED FROM NOW ON.)

**MEL:**

Do you have to sound like that?

**HOB:** (D.)

I share a voiceprint with my creator, Hob! The best PA droid in the universe!

**MEL:**

As long as that's all you share.

**HOB:** (D.)

I am loaded with DupeCom software and can take on the personality of any individual in my database. Currently, that's everybody in the Solar System, so take your pick! Who would you like to talk to?

**MEL:**

(MORE TO HERSELF THAN THE DATAPAD) Who would I like to talk to? (HOLLOW LAUGH) The Doctor of course, who else can get me out of this mess? (SIGHS, NOW DIRECTLY TALKING TO THE DATAPAD) Look, it doesn't matter who you sound like, I just need some—

**DOCTOR:** (D.)

Hello Mel.

**MEL:**

(THROWN) Oh! He's on file?

**DOCTOR:** (D.)

I'm on everyone's file. (SIGHS) The price of fame.

**MEL:**

(SLIGHT LAUGH) It's so like him!

**DOCTOR:** (D.)

I'm glad you approve. So, Mel, what do you need?

**MEL:**

A plan! I've been crawling around this place for hours trying to think of something. I could try and steal a ship and just get out of here but the Doctor—

**DOCTOR:** (D)

(INTERRUPTING) Yes?

**MEL:**

The real Doctor, wouldn't approve of that. He'd want me to try and fix all this. To try and make it right.

**DOCTOR:** (D.)

That seems a bit unreasonable of me. Why can't I do it myself?

**MEL:**

Because... (EMOTIONAL) Because he's dead and it's all my fault.

**DOCTOR:** (D.)

Dead? Of course I'm not. I'm talking to you aren't I?

**MEL:**

You're just clever software... The real Doctor is dead, along with Ace. And, honestly, I'm not sure talking to a pretend version is helping.

**DOCTOR:** (D.)

If I were dead, it would say so in my metadata. I was recently scanned into the system. I can assure you I'm still very much alive.

**MEL:**

Scanned into the system? What system?

**DOCTOR:** (D.)

The Solar System! (THOUGHTFUL) I wonder if I like it there?

**MEL:**

You—(STOPS HERSELF) The Doctor's not dead?

**DOCTOR:**

No.

**MEL:**

What about Ace? Erm... Dorothy McShane?

FX. A BLEEP FROM THE DATAPAD.

**ACE:** (D.)

Wotcha doughnut.

**MEL:**

(OVER THE MOON) But this is amazing! If you're both still alive, there must be a way I can get you back!

**ACE:** (D.)

Well get on with it then!

**MEL:**

I'm going to have to get back to the engine room.

FX. SHE SHUFFLES OFF AT SPEED.

**39. INT. STATION 14 OPERATIONS ROOM.**

FX. A BUSTLING OPERATIONS ROOM, LOTS OF EQUIPMENT BURBLING AWAY, SOLDIER ROBOTS MOVING AROUND HERE AND THERE. AN ABSURD ROBOT SNEEZE FROM HOB:

**HOB:**  
(SNEEZES)

**DOGBOLTER:**  
You're a robot Hob, stop sneezing. It's absurd.

**HOB:**  
I'm sorry Mr Dogbolter, sir. It's my programming. I'm supposed to replicate human behaviours.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
A shame you couldn't replicate going for a dip in my hot tub without needing hours of repair and drying.

**HOB:**  
Yes, Mr Dogbolter, sir. Sorry, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
(SHOUTING AN ORDER) Will someone tell me what's happening? Why am I staring at an empty report screen?

FX. A SOLDIER ROBOT MOVES OVER.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**  
All Solar System defences are mobilising sir. We've also recalled several fleets from nearby space. The question will be whether they will arrive in time.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
Do we need them? How many ships do we have on hand?

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**  
Four sir. Well, three, but repairs are commencing on a fourth and they hope she'll be ready to fly by the time the Krasi arrive.

**DOGBOLTER:**  
Four. Right, so that's here, what about the rest of the Solar System?

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**  
You misunderstand me sir, I'm talking about four – maybe only three – ships in the entire Solar System.



**DOGBOLTER:**

What?! How come there are so few?

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

You cut the defence budget sir.

**HOB:**

I believe you sold off the majority of our ships and weaponry to the Foom, sir. On the understanding that we'd hardly need it now we controlled the Solar System so effectively.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Oh, yes... I did do that... it seemed sensible at the time. Can we roll back on that decision?

**HOB:**

No sir, it would cause too great a strain on the timeline.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(AN IDEA) Wait! The Krasi can't even enter the Solar System can they? Not now that we've sealed it off. I can't believe I was worrying! Let them come!

**HOB:**

But sir, from what I understand, you explained the functioning of the Quantum Probability Engine to the Chief Regent.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Of course I did, I was trying to sell her the schematics.

**HOB:**

So she knows it's controlled from here. She can force us to open a gate and let her in.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Maybe we should! Once her fleet is inside the system we could manipulate it, surely? Every shot they fire we could roll back, with that sort of advantage we might be able to take out their whole fleet even with only four...

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

(INTERRUPTING) Possibly three.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(IRRITATED) I know, I know... Look, time for repairs certainly isn't an issue, so stop going on about it, we can roll back and have them start work earlier.

**HOB:**

Actually Mr Dogbolter, sir, even if the Engine was working at full capability that would be beyond it. And it's not. Working at full capability that is. The Engine is performing erratically.

**DOGBOLTER:**

What?! Explain 'erratically'!

**HOB:**

You know there are limitations to the technology, Mr Dogbolter, sir. We're constantly fighting the natural progress of a timeline. There's only so much we can do before we create too many paradoxes, cause too many problems.

**DOGBOLTER:**

So?

**HOB:**

I think we're reaching that point. (AWKWARD) I have a horrible feeling I may have exacerbated the situation. Adding the Doctor and his friends to the system has been proving something of a strain.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Three people? Hardly a strain, surely.

**HOB:**

Three people with very fixed timelines. Extensive histories and long-reaching futures. Two of them are Time Lords after all. Forcing the automatic systems to continually compensate for them is using a considerable amount of RAM.

**DOGBOLTER:**

So deal with them! Get them out of there! Kill them! I don't care what, but we need the Engine functioning properly, if we have any chance of getting out of this situation alive!

**40. INT. KRASI WARSHIP FLIGHTDECK.**

FX. HUGE FLIGHT DECK. KRASI SOLDIERS MOVING AROUND OPERATING EQUIPMENT, ROAR OF THE ENGINES, THE SOUND OF SOMETHING HUGE AND HEAVY COMING TO BLOW STUFF UP. SEVERAL CAMERA DRONES BUZZING AROUND.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Time to arrival of full fleet?

**KRASI SOLDIER:**

Four hours. (CAMERA BEEP) Three hours. (CAMERA BEEP)  
Impossible to say Captain Regent.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Spare me the edits, lieutenant, just give me a straight answer, you won't be shot for it.

**KRASI SOLDIER:**

Three hours, Captain Regent.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Excellent.

FX. SHE PRESSES A COMMUNICATIONS BUTTON.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Attention, all personnel. Attention all personnel.

FX. WE CROSS TO ELSEWHERE IN THE SHIP.

**41. INT. KRASI SHIP CORRIDOR/TROOP BAY.**

FX. TWO KRASI MARCHING ALONG A CORRIDOR, THE CLATTER OF ARMOUR AND HEAVY BOOTS. THE CAPTAIN REGENT'S VOICE COMING FROM A SMALL SPEAKER IN THE CORRIDOR, WE PASS THE SPEAKER.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:** (D.)

We are three hours away from war. I know I speak for all of us when I say that today is a good day to be alive. It has been a long three weeks, four days and six hours since we last saw combat.

FX. THE TWO KRASI STEP OUT INTO A LARGE TROOP BAY. WHERE THEIR MARCHING FEET ARE JOINED BY HUNDREDS MORE, STEPPING INTO A PARADE FORMATION. THE CAPTAIN REGENT'S VOICE IS NOW COMING FROM HUGE SPEAKERS, HER VOICE ECHOING AROUND THE BAY.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:** (D.)

But once again we will be able to prove our considerable honour (BEEP), kindness (BEEP), excessive aggression to the peoples of the galaxy. Prepare for action!

FX. HUNDREDS OF KRASI STAND TO ATTENTION WITH A DEAFENING CLATTER OF ARMOUR.

MUSIC: SEGUE.

**42. INT. ENGINE ROOM.**

FX. DOOR OPENS. HOB AND DOGBOLTER ENTER.

**HOB:**

May I say, Mr Dogbolter, sir, what an excellent idea this is?

**DOGBOLTER:**

You may, Hob, you may... Though I'd rather you just set up the programming equipment.

**HOB:**

No need, Mr Dogbolter sir, as per your instructions it's all been simplified.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Excellent, it was so needlessly complicated. What's the point of having lovely technology if you need several doctorates to operate it?

FX. HOB MOVES TO THE CONSOLE, PRESSES A BUTTON.

**HOB:**

It's now entirely voice controlled. Just speak the commands into that microphone there, and the systems will take care of the rest.

FX. DOGBOLTER MOVES OVER TO ANOTHER CONSOLE.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Here?

**HOB:**

That's it, Mr Dogbolter sir. Just dictate the changes you wish to take place, ensuring you speak the names of those involved clearly and succinctly, and the system will translate and reprogram accordingly.

**DOGBOLTER:**

(CLEARS THROAT) New program...

**43. INT. ACE'S FLAT.**

FX. DOOR OPENS, ACE ENTERS. ALEX IS ALREADY TALKING ON THE PHONE. SHE WALKS PAST HIM AND DROPS DOWN INTO AN EASY CHAIR.

**ALEX:**

Yeah well, like I say, happy to come in if you need me. That software's good but it's not perfect. Just look at his eyes, you can tell there's no real thinking behind them. (BEAT) I'll pretend you didn't say that Gerard, bye.

FX. HE HANGS UP.

**ACE:**

They're sticking with the pretend you?

**ALEX:**

Yeah, I tell you, we're all going to be out of work soon. Just wait until the software unionises, then they'll wish they kept us on.

**ACE:**

(TIRED SIGH) At least software can't patrol the streets all day.

**ALEX:**

Give 'em time. If they can invent it, they will.

**ACE:**

Listen, I know this is going to sound weird but... well, it's been a strange day. Did you hear what I was saying on the phone? About not remembering the election?

FX. THE PHONE RINGS.

**ALEX:**

Sorry, give me a minute.

FX. HE ANSWERS THE PHONE. WALKING OUT OF THE ROOM WITH IT.

**ALEX:** (WALKING OUT)

Yeah? (BEAT) Well do you want me in or not? The union says you can only use the software for another two hours of broadcast so...

**ACE:**

(SIGHS, IRRITATED, PRETENDING TO STILL HAVE THE CONVERSATION) You see Alex, I've spent the whole day being confused by virtually everything, the streets, the people... even you... it's like, I know this is my life, but...

FX. THE TV SUDDENLY COMES TO LIFE.

MUSIC: NEWS IDENT.

**ALEX:** (D.)

Live updates just in... The names of three Krasi infiltrators have been revealed to the network. These individuals have been working for months to try and destabilise security forces in the Solar System and authorities ask that any citizen who sees them should do their duty and apprehend them immediately.

**ACE:**

(SLIGHTLY CROSSING OVER) I don't believe it, they'll start a witch hunt!

**ALEX:** (D.)

The faces of the three Krasi agents are now on screen.

**ACE:**

(REAL SHOCK) What!?

CUT TO:

**44. INT. NARVIN'S LAB. (CONT.)**

FX. THE TV IS BROADCASTING HERE TOO.

**NARVIN:**

This is absurd!

**ALEX:** (D.)

Their names are Dorothy McShane, also known as Ace. Currently working as a security officer. Narvin – no first name on file – employed at the development lab of Caltron Inc.

CUT TO:



**45. EXT. CITY STREET (CONT.)**

FX. VIDEO SCREEN BROADCASTING OVER THE TRAFFIC AND THE SOUND OF THE PEDESTRIANS.

**ALEX:** (D.)

And finally, 'The Doctor' a homeless ex-cleaner who was last seen attacking government property in the Euston area.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh dear...

**ALEX:** (D.)

If you see any of these people you are legally entitled to use extreme force in order to stop them.

**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

People of the Solar System, we work together every day to make our home the envy of the universe. So I ask you once more, let's club together and... rid ourselves of this insidious Krasi threat in our midst.

MUSIC: NEWS IDENT. (D.)

FX. THE SCREEN CUTS OFF.

**DOCTOR:**

Well, today really has been the most rubbish day.

MUSIC: CRASH IN TITLES.

**EPISODE FOUR:**

**46. INT. ACE'S APARTMENT.**

(NO REPRISE, BUT WE HEAR DOGBOLTER'S SPEECH FROM THE END OF THE LAST EPISODE.)

**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

*People of the Solar System, we work together every day to make our home the envy of the universe. So I ask you once more, let's club together and... rid ourselves of this insidious Krasi threat in our midst.*

MUSIC: NEWS IDENT. (D.)

FX. THE SCREEN CUTS OFF.

**ALEX:**

(UTTERLY THROWN) What's going on?

**ACE:**

Oh, you heard that did you?

**ALEX:**

What have you done?

**ACE:**

Nothing! Obviously! Come on Alex, this is me, don't tell me you believe a word of that!

**ALEX:**

(CONFUSED) No, sorry, of course I don't.... it's just...

FX. PULSING SOUND. TIME ROLL BACK.

**ALEX:**

(NOW CONVINCED) Believe it! Of course I believe it! The way you've been acting these last few months how could I doubt it? I'm calling security.

FX. HE STARTS TAPPING ON HIS PHONE. ACE DASHES TOWARDS HIM, KNOCKS THE PHONE OUT OF HIS HAND, IT SMASHES AGAINST A WALL.

**ACE:** (OVER THE ABOVE)

No you don't! No phonecalls. Alex! Look at me! How long have we been together? (STRUGGLING SLIGHTLY) I... I thought you loved me? Doesn't that buy me some trust here?

**ALEX:**

Keep back from me! (SHOUTING) House?

**HOUSE:**

Yes, Alex?

**ALEX:**

Call security! Now!

**ACE:**

Nice Alex, really nice.

FX. SHE RUNS OUT OF THE FLAT, THE DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING AFTER HER.

**47. INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE NARVIN'S LAB.**

FX. WE HEAR THE SOUND OF THE LIFT, OFF, ARRIVING WITH A 'BING', THE DOORS OPENING AND THE SECURITY GUARD PLUS TWO OTHERS STEPPING OUT.

**SECURITY GUARD:**

That's his office at the end of the corridor! To think he's been a spy all this time! I thought he was just a bit of a...

FX. SMALL EXPLOSION, ENOUGH TO SEND THE THREE OF THEM FLYING.

**SECURITY GUARD WILDTRACK:**

"Oof!" "Ah!" Etc.

FX. SLIGHT SETTLE OF DUST AND DEBRIS, NARVIN MARCHING TOWARDS US, A SLIGHT ROARING SOUND FROM A WEAPON HE'S CARRYING. IT IS, IN EFFECT, A HOT PAINT-STRIPPER GUN.

**SECURITY GUARD:**

(GROANS)

FX. NARVIN STOPS.

**NARVIN:**

The power packs in the CalAir 4000 always were prone to over charging.

FX. HE TRIGGERS THE HEAT GUN SLIGHTLY, JUST TO SHOW IT OFF.

**NARVIN:**

And this is a heating module from the forthcoming CalAir GrillMaster Deluxe, re-engineered as a handgun. So don't follow me or I'll be forced to cook you.

FX. HE STROLLS OFF.

**SECURITY GUARD:**

(PAINED GROAN)

**48. EXT. CITY STREET.**

**CITIZEN:** (OFF)

Over there! Look, that's one of them!

**DOCTOR:**

Oh dear, in a day where nothing quite make sense, this, at least, seems familiar.

FX. HE RUNS.

**DOCTOR:** (RUNNING OFF)

Not today thank you!

FX. A MOB GIVES CHASE.

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

"Get him!" "You heard the president! Tear him limb from limb!" Etc.

**49. INT. ENGINE ROOM.**

**DOGBOLTER:**

That should do it, in next to no time they should be pleasingly dead, then perhaps the Engine will be restored to its full function.

**HOB:**

One can only hope so, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

FX. A BLEEP OF A COMMUNICATOR. DOGBOLTER WALKS A FEW FEET TO IT AND TAPS THE BUTTON.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Yes?

**SOLDIER ROBOT: (D.)**

Excellent news sir!

**DOGBOLTER:**

(PLEASED) Pleased to hear it!

**SOLDIER ROBOT: (D.)**

Yes, sir, the Krasi fleet have arrived early!

**DOGBOLTER:**

(PANIC) What?! But we should have hours yet! (TO HOB) I really must do something about their programming, the bloodthirsty idiot actually gave me hope for a minute there.

CUT TO.

**50. EXT. SPACE OUTSIDE STATION 14.**

FX. SILENCE, THEN THE SOUND OF SEVERAL JUMP GATES OPENING — LOTS OF WHOOSHING ALL OVER THE STEREO FIELD — SHIPS CRUISING OUT INTO THE SPACE AROUND THE STATION.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:** (D.)

Attention, all ships in the Krasi fleet! Attention! Focus your weaponry on Station 14!

FX. THE SOUND OF COUNTLESS GUN TURRETS CLUNKING, TURNING ON THEIR GIMBALS AND POINTING TOWARDS THE STATION.

**51. INT. ENGINE ROOM.**

FX. THE COMMUNICATOR BLEEPS AGAIN. DOGBOLTER ANSWERS.

**DOGBOLTER:**

What now, you psychotic idiot?

**CAPTAIN REGENT: (D.)**

That is not the sort of tone one should use when offering one's surrender.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Ah! Captain Regent, my apologies, I mistook you for one of my staff. Now, look, there really is no need to go through all this. I've been having a think... How about I just upload the schematics to the Possibility Engine to your ship? A show of good faith? Then you can just--

**CAPTAIN REGENT: (D.)**

(INTERRUPTING) Not occupy the entire Solar System by force?

**DOGBOLTER:**

My thoughts precisely. Share and share alike, I say. Only too happy for you to have it. A heartfelt gesture towards an ongoing diplomatic friendship.

**CAPTAIN REGENT: (D.)**

Send the schematics and I'll consider it.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Ah... But – and please don't take this the wrong way – how do I know you won't just blow this station to pieces once I've sent them. If I send you the schematic, I've lost my only advantage.

**CAPTAIN REGENT: (D.)**

President Dogbolter, the Krasi didn't get where they are today by allowing people to have advantages over them. Send the schematic or I'll come and take it by force. I will either kill you or I won't. Life is full of choices but, in this case, they all lead to the same thing.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Let me give it a little thought.

FX. HE PRESSES THE BUTTON TO CUT THE CALL.

**DOGBOLTER:**



I don't like this Hob. This is not how Josiah W. Dogbolter does business.

**HOB:**

No, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Dogbolter always wins.

**HOB:**

Yes, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

**DOGBOLTER:**

But I cannot win a war.

**HOB:**

No, Mr Dogbolter, sir.

(BEAT)

**DOGBOLTER:**

(BOLT OF INSPIRATION) Or can I?

CROSS TO.

**52. INT. SERVICE DUCTS.**

FX. MEL IS HIDING IN THE DUCT RIGHT ABOVE THIS ROOM. WE HEAR DOGBOLTER SPEAKING.

**DOGBOLTER:** (OFF)

To the main console, Hob! We have some clever programming to do!

FX. THEY WALK AWAY (BUT DON'T LEAVE THE ROOM)

**MEL:**

(SOTTO) Well, I wish you'd do it somewhere else! I need to get in there! (TO HER DATAPAD) Can you tell if the Doctor or Ace are still alive?

**ACE:** (D.)

(SOTTO) Yeah! Basic legal protocol, DupeCom software's not allowed to emulate dead people. The minute someone kicks the bucket, so does my rights agreement.

**MEL:**

(SOTTO) Right, so they're still OK. (BEAT) Hang in there, you two... I'll get you out of this if I can.

**53. EXT. ALLEYWAY.**

FX. THE DOCTOR RUNS INTO AN ALLEYWAY. OFF THE SOUND OF A PURSUING MOB.

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

"This way!" "I'm sure he turned left!" "Get him!" Etc.

**DOCTOR:**

(LOOKING AROUND) Hide... hide... (SPOTS A BIN) Oh dear, I suppose beggars can't be choosers.

FX. HE LIFTS THE LID OF A LARGE DUMPSTER.

**DOCTOR:**

The things people throw away...

FX. CLIMBS IN, OVER BIN BAGS AND GENERAL RUBBISH.

**DOCTOR:**

Perfectly good food, barely used clothing, civil freedoms...

FX. HE DROPS THE LID DOWN BEHIND HIM. THE MOB RUN PAST THE MOUTH OF THE ALLEY.

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

"He must have gone down the Toffolo Underpass!" "Check over there by the hoverbike stands!" "He can't just have vanished!"

CROSS TO INSIDE THE BIN.

**54. INT. DUMPSTER BIN**

FX. THE DOCTOR SHUFFLING AROUND IN THE RUBBISH.

**DOCTOR:**

(TO HIMSELF) I wonder when they empty the bins around here? From the smell of it this has been here some time. Maybe they're short-staffed? (IDEA) Maybe I should apply for a job as a bin man! (REMEMBERS) Mmm... If I live that long. No, I'll just stay here and avoid discovery for as long as—

FX. SOMEONE BANGS ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE BIN, TWO SHARP KNOCKS.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh... (LOUD) Not today thank you!

FX. THE BIN OPENS, ACE LEANS IN.

**ACE:**

Are you really a Krasi infiltrator?

**DOCTOR:**

No, of course not. (BEAT) Are you?

**ACE:**

No.

**DOCTOR:**

Didn't think so, you seemed far too nice when I bumped into you earlier. How did you find me?

**ACE:**

The minute you started being chased by a psychotic mob your trail was lit up all over the police systems. It wasn't hard to follow.

**DOCTOR:**

Ah... I see, and how did you know I was in the bin?

**ACE:**

You were talking to yourself. Rubbish isn't usually so chatty.

**DOCTOR:**

Ah, yes... I have a habit of doing that. (BEAT) Is it safe to come out? I'm standing on a pizza that's so rotten I believe it's trying to eat my socks.

**ACE:**

The mob's gone, we're both safe for now.

FX. THE DOCTOR CLIMBS OUT OF THE BIN. TALKING AS HE DOES SO.

**DOCTOR:**

As you used to be a security officer, might you be able to talk to someone in charge? See if we can't clear this up?

**ACE:**

Nobody's interested in talking.

**DOCTOR:**

No, can't say I'm surprised. I just thought I'd suggest it so we could get the boring ideas out of the way.

**ACE:**

Someone, somewhere, has made a stupid mistake, our best bet is to lay low until they realise they've got it all wrong.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh, do you really think so?

**ACE:**

I don't know what else to suggest.

**DOCTOR:**

Perhaps something a little more proactive, we'll be at war within the hour, I'm not sure lying low is quite going to cut it.

FX. NARVIN WALKS UP, THE SOUND OF THE HOT AIR GUN IN HIS HAND.

**NARVIN:**

Of course it isn't. We need to run and keep running.

**ACE:**

(SURPRISED) Where did you spring from?

**NARVIN:**

I tracked him the same way you did. I was hiding over there, listening, trying to decide whether I needed to kill you or not.

**ACE:**

Kill us? With what? (LOOKING) A hair dryer?

**NARVIN:**

A hair dryer that could oven-roast you in ten seconds.

FX. HE TURNS THE AIR GUN OFF.

**NARVIN:**

Not that I need it, you're clearly both as innocent as I am. (TO THE DOCTOR) Even if one of you is a palpable idiot.

**DOCTOR:**

Hello, Mr Narvin. Still suffering from excess aggression I see?

**ACE:**

You know each other then?

**NARVIN:**

He was my cleaner. My useless cleaner.

**DOCTOR:**

Might I suggest we find somewhere a little safer to hide?

**ACE:**

We have the entire Solar System hunting us, I'm not sure anywhere is safe.

**NARVIN:**

I have a car hidden at the other end of the alleyway, come on.

**ACE:**

Who put you in charge?

**NARVIN:**

Me. If you have a problem with that, feel free to stay here with the cleaner.

FX. HE MARCHES OFF.

**DOCTOR:**

Mr Narvin always did have a superiority complex.

**ACE:**

He'll have a footprint on the back of his trousers if he talks to me like that again. Come on, I suppose we should stick together.

FX. THEY FOLLOW NARVIN.

**55. INT. KRASI WARSHIP FLIGHTDECK.**

FX. GENERAL SOUNDS OF ACTION AS BEFORE, A WELL-OILED FLIGHT DECK, EQUIPMENT BURBLING, ENGINE THRUMMING. THE CAPTAIN REGENT PRESSES A COMMS BUTTON ON HER CHAIR. IT BLEEPS.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

President Dogbolter, my patience is at an end. I need your answer now.

FX. A BEAT, THEN DOGBOLTER APPEARS ON THE COMMS.

**DOGBOLTER: (D.)**

Captain Regent, thank you for your patience. I have prepared a counter offer.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

The time for offers has passed. I will accept the schematics for the Probability Engine and your complete surrender.

**DOGBOLTER: (D.)**

(IGNORING HER) I am about to grant you and your entire fleet access to the Solar System for a limited period. I suggest you take it. You will have two local minutes to pass through the dimension gate, after that you will be locked out again.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

This is your offer? Need I remind you that I can gain access purely by destroying your station?

**DOGBOLTER: (D.)**

And, therefore, the Probability Engine. Which would be wasteful and foolish. I don't believe you're either.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

We could storm the station, do you really think your troop of robot soldiers would be enough to defend you?

**DOGBOLTER: (D.)**

Not indefinitely, no. But certainly for long enough that I could set the Probability Engine to self-destruct.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

So we invade and occupy the Solar System. What does that achieve for you? I fail to see what game you're playing here.



**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

The dimension gate is opening now. I suggest you move quickly.

FX. THE CALL CUTS OFF.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

He thinks that once we're inside the Solar System he will be able to control us. (THINKS) But he has already made it clear that the machine couldn't achieve that. (THINKS) So he's bluffing, playing for time. (SHOUTING ORDER) Send the fleet through, all bar this ship. We will occupy Station 14!

**56. INT. NARVIN'S CAR.**

FX. DRIVING ALONG BUSY STREET. HORNS BEEPING, ENGINES REVVING, PEOPLE ALL TRYING TO LEAVE.

**ACE:**

This is stupid! Nobody can get anywhere!

**DOCTOR:**

I suppose people just want to take their families out of the major cities.

**NARVIN:**

By which you mean military targets.

**DOCTOR:**

I do, but I'm just a cleaner, so what do I know? (BEAT)  
I'm not though. At least I don't think so.

**NARVIN:**

Talk sense!

**DOCTOR:**

I have years of memories of being a cleaner. Of marching up and down those corridors with a broom and a mop, and yet... (LEAVE IT HANGING)

**ACE:**

They don't feel quite right.

**DOCTOR:**

No.

**ACE:**

It's been the same for me. I walked my beat today and the street was familiar but, I don't know, new all at the same time. And as for Alex...

**DOCTOR:**

Alex?

**ACE:**

The bloke that fronts the news? My boyfriend. The man I love. Except...

**DOCTOR:**

You're not sure you do?

**ACE:**

It's all so confusing. I remember when we met, I remember holidays together. But somehow... (BEAT) It's like I don't even really know him.

(BEAT)

**DOCTOR:**

(TO NARVIN) And you Narvin? You're being very quiet.

**NARVIN:**

(RELUCTANT TO SHARE) I'm someone more important than a designer of air ovens.

**DOCTOR:**

Well, there we go. Not only are we not Krasi agents...

**ACE:**

But we may not be who we think we are either. (SUDDEN THOUGHT) Hang on! What if we actually are agents? Deep undercover! Our real memories resurfacing! We might be exactly what they're accusing of!

**DOCTOR:**

Well, if we are... (LEAVES IT HANGING)

**ACE:**

What?

**DOCTOR:**

Then we're not very good at it. We're on the run.

FX. FROM OUTSIDE THE CAR, THE SOUND OF A VIDEO SCREEN COMING TO LIFE.

MUSIC: NEWS IDENT.

**ACE:**

Open the windows, I want to hear this.

FX. NARVIN PRESSES A SWITCH AND THE WINDOWS OPEN WITH A SUITABLY FUTURISTIC BUZZ. THE SOUND OF OUTSIDE IS NOW MUCH LOUDER, ALTHOUGH PEOPLE STOP BEEPING HORNS ETC, EVERYONE LISTENING.

**CAPTAIN REGENT: (D.)**

Peoples of the Solar System, we the Krasi are broadcasting this both to you and to all intergalactic news networks, in the spirit of full and open communication. We are here, not as aggressors but as

saviours. Fear not, citizens, our war fleet is entering your space and every shot we fire will bring you one step closer to freedom.

FX. THE SCREEN GOES DEAD.

**CROWD WILDTRACK:**

"It's happening! It's actually happening!" "Where's the president?" "We're all going to die!!!"

**NARVIN:**

It's hopeless, there's no way we can get out of the Solar System in time to avoid this.

**ACE:**

As if we could just leave anyway, I may not be quite sure about lots of things, but I know one thing: I'm not someone who runs.

**NARVIN:**

I'm someone who stays alive, I don't care what it takes.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh dear...

**ACE:**

What?

**CROWD MEMBER: (OFF)**

(SHOUTING) There! In that car! It's the Krasi agents!

**DOCTOR:**

We've been spotted.

**57. INT. STATION FOURTEEN, CORRIDOR AIRLOCK.**

FX. SOLDIER ROBOTS MARCHING ALONG THE CORRIDOR. THEY STOP.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Alright boys, here we go. The Krasi are docked and they'll be through that door any second. So time to get on with what they built us for. Weapon systems ready.

FX. LOTS OF COCKING OF HUGE LASER RIFLES FROM ALL OVER.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Wait for it... Wait for it...

FX. A BEAT OF SILENCE. THE AIRLOCK BLOWS! DOOR CLATTERING OFF, ARMED KRASI FLOODING IN.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

Light 'em up lads! (MAD LAUGH)

FX. THE AIR FILLS WITH LASER FIRE.

CROSS TO:

**58. INT. ENGINE ROOM.**

FX. WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF THE WEAPONS FIRE SOME WAY OFF. A HATCH COVER CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR AND MEL PULLS HERSELF OUT OF THE AIR DUCT AND JUMPS TO THE FLOOR.

**MEL:**

(EFFORT AND RESPONSE TO JUMPING A FEW FEET TO THE GROUND)

FX. SHE RUNS TO THE CONTROLS.

**MEL:**

Finally! Now, what was it Hob did?

FX. SHE FLIPS A COUPLE OF SWITCHES.

**MEL:**

This better work.

**59. EXT. CITY STREET.**

FX. THE DOCTOR, NARVIN AND ACE ARE BEING PULLED OUT OF THE CAR BY THE MOB.

**DOCTOR, ACE & NARVIN:**

(RESPONSE SOUNDS TO BEING DRAGGED OUT OF THE CAR)

(ALL DIALOGUE RUNNING TOGETHER)

**NARVIN:**

Get off me!

**ACE:**

Oi! Let go!

**DOCTOR:**

Hello! There's no need to drag me out, I'm quite happy to chat!

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

"It's them!" "Definitely them!" "We should hold them hostage!" "No point, just kill 'em!"

**DOCTOR:**

(SHOUTING) Don't resist! Both of you! Just stay calm!

**ACE:**

Calm? They're going to lynch us!

FX. VIDEO SCREEN COMES TO LIFE.

MUSIC: NEWS IDENT.

**ALEX:**

Vital news update! The three individuals previously stated to be Krasis agents are in fact innocent! I repeat, innocent of all charges! (BEAT) If you're out there Ace... I'm sorry.

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

(GENERAL CONFUSION) "Eh?" "Who says?" "Are they sure?" "It's probably the Krasis forcing him to say that."

**ACE:**

(SHOUTING) Alex! Talk about cutting it fine! I think we might be alright...

**DOCTOR:**

Oh, we're definitely going to be alright.

**ACE:**

Yeah?

**DOCTOR:**

Yes. Because I remember who I am!



**60. INT. STATION FOURTEEN CORRIDOR.**

FX. THE LASER BATTLE, THE SOLDIER ROBOTS LOSING. A COUPLE OF SHOTS, ROBOTS 'DYING'.

**SOLDIER ROBOTS:**

"Urgh!!" "Arghh..."

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

(SHOUT) Cease fire!

FX. A COUPLE OF ROBOTS FALLING TO THE GROUND. NO MORE SHOTS, JUST THE SPARKING OF DAMAGED ROBOTS, SMALL FIRES CRACKLING. THE CAPTAIN REGENT MARCHING AT THE HEAD OF HER TROOPS.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

If you want a job doing, ask a Krasi.

FX. SHE MARCHES UP TO A SOLDIER ROBOT. IT'S SPARKING, ITS HYDRAULIC LIMBS TWITCHING.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

(PAINED GRUNTS) What... are you... looking at?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

A fallen enemy who is still bothering to hang on to its function. (BEAT) But not for long.

FX. SHE COCKS HER LASER RIFLE.

**SOLDIER ROBOT:**

(LAUGHS) Posturing flesh sack... Same the universe over. (SHOUTING, GOADING AT THE TOP OF ITS VOICE) Go on then! Get it over wi-

FX. SHE FIRES. THE SHATTERING OF ROBOT PARTS.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Advance! I want Dogbolter and I want his Probability Engine!

FX. THEY MARCH OFF.

**61. INT. ENGINE ROOM.**

FX. MEL PACING.

**MEL:**

(THINKING DESPERATELY) Is that enough? What else can I do?

**ACE:** (DATAPAD)

Don't worry about it doughnut, the professor will take it from here.

**MEL:**

But will he have the chance?

**ACE:** (DATAPAD)

He knows what he's doing. (BEAT) At least I think he does, I mean, I'm just software, I can be very easily led.

**MEL:**

Yes, but people can't... (IDEA) Except with this, they can!

FX. SHE DASHES TO THE CONTROLS, FLIPPING ANOTHER COUPLE OF SWITCHES.

**MEL:**

New command!

**62. EXT. CITY STREET.**

FX. THE CROWD STILL HOVERING, UNCERTAIN.

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

"I suppose it's OK, if it says it on the news." "Well, yeah, they wouldn't broadcast it unless it was true... would they?"

**ACE:**

Professor!

**DOCTOR:**

Ace!

FX. THEY HUG.

**NARVIN:**

I preferred it when you were a cleaner.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh but that's exactly what I am. Tidying up the universe's mess, one day at a time.

**ACE:**

But how can we stop this? We're seconds away from war here, professor! The ships are here already!

FX. AND THEY ARE. OVERHEAD WE CAN HEAR THE SOUND OF HUGE WARSHIPS GLIDING OVER THE CITY.

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

"They're here!" "Run!" What's the point?!"

**63. INT. STATION FOURTEEN CORRIDOR/THROUGHOUT THE STATION.**

FX. THE CAPTAIN REGENT WALKING ALONG.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Report!

**KRASI SOLDIER:**

All ships in position, Captain Regent.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Excellent.

FX. SHE MOVES TO A COMMUNICATOR PANEL AND PRESSES A BUTTON.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Dogbolter!

FX. WE CROSS TO ELSEWHERE IN THE STATION, HER VOICE COMING FROM ALL THE SPEAKERS, EVERYWHERE, ECHOING DOWN EMPTY CORRIDORS.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:** (D.)

I know you can hear me Dogbolter. I know you're here... somewhere... hiding, skulking...

FX. WE CROSS TO DOGBOLTER'S PRIVATE LOUNGE. THE SOUND OF THE JACUZZI AND THE FLIES.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:** (D.)

Wherever you are, I will find you. So give yourself a chance. Come out. My ships are in position, ready to strike. With one order from me, half of your precious Solar System burns.

FX. WE CROSS TO THE ENGINE ROOM.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:** (D.)

You can't win, Dogbolter. Against the Krasi, nobody ever can. So surrender. Now. Or I tear your existence to shreds.

FX. POP OF FEED BACK AS THE COMMS CALL IS CUT OFF.

**MEL:**

Well, I've done all I can do. Time to get out of here I think.

**FX. SHE RUNS.**

**64. EXT. CITY STREET.**

FX. THE SCREEN COMING TO LIFE.

MUSIC: NEWS IDENT.

**ALEX:**

Further news updates! The Krasi are moving into position on all planets in the Solar System. Security sensors confirm that all major cities are now within firing range, Krasi targeting sensors locked on.

FX. TIME ROLL BACK.

**ALEX:**

Don't worry everyone, this just in! The Doctor is here! And if anyone can save us it's him!

**DOCTOR:**

(AWKWARD) Oh...

**ACE:**

(LAUGHS) You're on the news professor!

**NARVIN:**

Oh spare me...

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

(NEW HOPE) "The Doctor? Here?" "Wonderful!" "There he is!" "Doctor! What shall we do?"

**ALEX:** (SCREEN)

Who can forget the Doctor? He's saved us time and time again and he's here to do it again. Whatever he asks for, whatever help he needs, it's vital that all citizens give it to him.

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

(A GLEEFUL CROWD) "What can we do?" "Anything Doc, you know that!"

**ACE:**

What's happening? I mean... I'm not complaining but... this is weird.

**DOCTOR:**

Explanations can wait. I have a war to stop. Narvin! What do we know about the Krasi?

**NARVIN:**

Other than the fact that they're right above us and preparing to fire? They're vicious, powerful and nigh-on unstoppable.

**DOCTOR:**

(LEADING HIM) And...

**NARVIN:**

Obsessed with public image. Forever presenting themselves as misunderstood, heroic and benevolent.

**DOCTOR:**

Precisely! Ace, call Alex and then give me the phone.

**ACE:**

Alex?

**DOCTOR:**

Quickly!

FX. ACE PULLS OUT THE PHONE, DIALS, HANDS IT TO THE DOCTOR.

**ALEX: (D.)**

Hiya love, how are you?

**DOCTOR:**

Pressed for time but otherwise well, thank you.

**ALEX:**

Oh, it's you! The Doctor!

**DOCTOR:**

It is. Do you have access to the street cameras here on... (LOOKING AROUND) the corner of Theobald's Road and Grays Inn Freeway?

**ALEX:**

Erm... yes, probably, hang on...

**DOCTOR:**

Quickly! I need you to get a camera on me, broadcasting to as many screens in the Solar System as you can.

FX. A LOUD KLAXON. THE VOICE OF THE CHIEF REGENT ECHOES ACROSS THE CITY.

**CHIEF REGENT: (D.)**

We have asked the corrupt President Dogbolter to accede command, unfortunately he has not responded. We will now commence military strikes in order to free you. Rest assured, all those citizens who may suffer as collateral damage, your deaths strike a blow for freedom and we honour you.

**DOCTOR:**

(URGENT) Now Alex! I need it now!

FX. HIS LAST WORD COMES FROM THE VIDEO SCREEN AS WELL AS LIVE, BOOMING ACROSS THE STREET:

**DOCTOR:** (SCREEN)

...now!

**ALEX:**

You're on Doctor!

FX. FROM NOW ON, THE DOCTOR'S VOICE IS DOUBLED, WE HEAR IT LIVE AND VIA THE LOUD SPEAKER OF THE SCREEN.

**DOCTOR:** (SCREEN)

(COMMANDING, LOUD) Stop! (TO ACE) Help me onto the roof of the car.

FX. HE CLIMBS UP ONTO THE ROOF OF THE CAR, ACE ASSISTING.

**DOCTOR & ACE:**

(SLIGHT EFFORT SOUNDS)

**DOCTOR:** (SCREEN)

Krasi warfleet! You're about to make a huge mistake in public relations! You like to control how the universe sees you, yes? Well look at this!

(A BEAT, HE'S HOLDING UP ACE'S PHONE)

**DOCTOR:**

Just a phone, yes? But with a built in camera, intergalactic roaming and full 3D video support! And you know what? Everyone in the Solar System has one and is now going to turn it on and point it (PUNCH EACH WORD WITH EMPHASIS) directly at you. (BEAT, THEN SLIGHTLY AWKWARD) Everyone? Please?

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

"Oh, right, yeah..." "Hang on..."



FX. THE SOUND OF EVERYONE TAKING OUT THEIR PHONES AND  
ACTIVATING THE CAMERAS WITH A BLEEP, A RIPPLE OF BLEEPS  
IN FACT, ALL OVER THE STREET.

CROSS TO.

**65. EXT. MONTAGE.**

FX. WE NEED A SENSE OF THE DOCTOR SPEAKING ALL OVER THE PLANET, ON EVERY PLANET. SO WE CREATE A MONTAGE OF SOUNDSCAPES, EACH BLURRING INTO THE NEXT AS WE CROSS FROM ONE TO THE OTHER.

FIRST, A DIFFERENT CITY, HYDRAULIC PUMPS WORKING, WATER RUSHING SOMEWHERE, SLIGHTLY OFF.

**DOCTOR:**

Wherever you are! Whoever you are! Point your camera at the sky! Watch them! See them!

SECOND, A TROPICAL AREA, THE SCREEN FURTHER OFF. THE SOUND OF CICADAS, MONKEYS IN THE TREES.

**DOCTOR:**

Because sometimes, to win a war, it's not guns you need. It's a camera.

THIRD, A DESOLATE ARCTIC PLACE, WIND, FEET CRUNCHING THROUGH THE SNOW THEN STOPPING.

**DOCTOR:**

A camera and the truth.

THEN BACK TO THE CITY STREET, THE DOCTOR ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR.

**DOCTOR:**

So what do you think, Krasi? Do you think you can control this? Do you think you can strike while the whole galaxy might be watching? (BEAT, THEN WITH AN AGGRESSIVE SNEER.) Or do you just want to leave?

**66. INT. STATION FOURTEEN CORRIDOR.**

FX. CAPTAIN REGENT, SURROUNDED BY HER TROOPS, THE OCCASIONAL CLATTER OF ARMOUR.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Damn him. (SHOUTS) Damn him!

FX. TAPS HER COMMUNICATOR.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

All Krasi ships, withdraw immediately. Prepare for intergalactic broadcast. (SHOUTING AN ORDER) Camera drone!

FX. THE CAMERA DRONE ZIPS OVER.

**67. EXT. CITY STREET.**

FX. THE SOUND OF THE KRASI WARSHIP MOVING AWAY.

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

(CHEERS) "He did it!" "Of course he did!" Etc.

**ACE:**

(SHOUTING) Off you go, Krasi! And don't let the door hit you on the way out!

**NARVIN:**

Well, yes, I suppose that was quite good.

**DOCTOR:**

Narvin, I do believe you're blushing.

**NARVIN:**

I can assure I'm not.

FX. VIDEO SCREEN COMING TO LIVE.

MUSIC: NEWS IDENT.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:** (SCREEN)

(FULL OF CHEER) People of the Solar System, we, the Krasi, cannot begin to express our happiness in hearing that you have broken the shackles of your own imprisonment. We hope that, in some small way, our presence was of assistance. (SLIGHT ANGER CREEPING THROUGH) Goodbye.

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

(CHEERS)

**68. INT. STATION CORRIDOR.**

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Ensure that recording is distributed across all news networks and carefully backed up on multiple intergalactic servers.

FX. THE CAMERA DRONE GIVES AN AFFIRMATIVE BEEP AND ZIPS AWAY. THE SPEAKERS IN THE HALLWAY COME TO LIFE.

**DOGBOLTER: (D.)**

(COUGHS POLITELY) Captain Regent, apologies for not greeting you personally, I have been... (LEAVES IT HANGING).

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Cowering in mortal fear somewhere?

**DOGBOLTER: (D.)**

Now, don't be like that. But anyway, it's clear that all that unpleasantness has been dispensed with. Now we can have a more... fairly balanced chat. If you would care to make your way down the corridor ahead of you? I'm in the operating room of the Possibility Engine and I imagine you may now be in a position to discuss equitable terms?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

(TO THE SOLDIERS) With me.

FX. THE CAPTAIN REGENT AND HER SOLDIERS MARCH DOWN THE CORRIDOR. WE FOLLOW.

**DOGBOLTER:**

That's right, straight down to the end. Now turn left.

FX. THE TROOPS KEEP MARCHING.

**DOGBOLTER:**

I can assure you I won't let our previous disagreement colour my terms for the purchase of this most impressive piece of equipment. Well, not too much... (CHUCKLES) That's it, third door on the right. Do leave your armed entourage outside, there's a good lady. I assure you my PA is armed and perfectly capable of defending me, nonetheless I don't think business matters should be discussed at gunpoint, I'm sure you understand.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

I understand only one thing. I will not leave this place empty-handed.

FX. THEY STOP MARCHING.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

I want two things. The Engine – or as much of it as we need in order to duplicate it. And your hateful head on a plate.

FX. SHE OPENS THE DOOR TO THE ENGINE ROOM, THEY MARCH INSIDE. WE FOLLOW.

**69. INT. ENGINE ROOM (CONT.)**

FX. THEY MARCH INSIDE.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Show yourself!

**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

You're in the engine room now. Isn't it impressive?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

Where are you?

**DOGBOLTER:** (D.)

Oh, a long way away I'm afraid. I'm using DupeCom software via the computer to talk to you. You see, the dimension gate technology can also be used as a transmat. I decided it was by far the best for all concerned where I to beat a hasty withdrawal.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

(TO HERSELF) Slimy toad.

**DOGBOLTER:**

I was rather hoping you might do a little more damage to the Solar System than you did. I had it insured you see, it could have made quite the payout. Nevermind. I'll tell you what else I had insured shall I?

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

I don't care! Shut up! (TO HER SOLDIERS) I want everything in here catalogued and scanned. I want specs, I want detail. I want everything you can get your hands on.

**DOGBOLTER:**

Oh but you should care! You really should! (CHILDISH, PLAYFUL) Go on, ask me what it was.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

(IRRITATED SIGH) Fine, what?

**DOGBOLTER:**

That station, and everything on it. Bye bye!

FX. THE COMMS CUT OUT.

**CAPTAIN REGENT:**

What... wha—

FX. WHITEOUT OF A HUGE EXPLOSION.



**70. EXT. CITY STREET.**

FX. A PARTY IS GOING ON. MUSIC, LAUGHING, DANCING, ALL THE SORT OF JOLLY CELEBRATING ONE MIGHT EXPECT WHEN ONE TURNS OUT NOT TO BE DEAD THANKS TO A WAR.

MUSIC: PARTY MUSIC

**MOB WILDTRACK:**

(GENERAL WHOOPS AND LAUGHTER.)

FX. SCREEN BURSTS INTO LIFE.

MUSIC: NEWS IDENT.

**ALEX:**

Further updates. On leaving the Solar System, the Krasi Warfleet suffered one final indignity. We've just heard that Station Fourteen, the diplomatic station used by President Dogbolter has exploded due to reasons unknown. The resultant shockwave destroyed three of the Krasi ships. Thankfully, the Krasi don't appear to intend any reprisals, they are still en route for their own sector of space and refused all network requests for further comment.

FX. SCREEN CUTS OFF.

**NARVIN:**

Well, that's one bit of tidying up I won't have to do I suppose. Annoying about our TARDISES though. Yours was scrap but mine was top of the range. A Type 400!

**ACE:**

Never mind the TARDIS, what about Mel!? She would still have been on the station!

**DOCTOR:**

(SAD) Oh Mel...

FX. THE SOUND OF THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISING. DOORS OPEN, MEL WALKS OUT.

**MEL: (OFF)**

Doctor! Ace!

FX. THE DOCTOR AND ACE RUN OVER.

**ACE:**

You got out of there! And with the TARDIS!

**MEL:**

Dogbolter just duplicated the original and left it sitting there, it's all still in one piece.

**DOCTOR:**

(SHOCKED) Right here though? You flew her right here?

**MEL:**

Of course, I just fed your TV broadcast into the coordinate computer and told it to go straight to the source of the signal. Easy.

**DOCTOR:**

(BEAT. THEN AWKWARD) She can do that?

**MEL:**

It's all in the manual Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**

(DISMISSIVE) Oh that old thing, I never bother with that.

FX. NARVIN WALKS OVER.

**NARVIN:**

Your companion may have rescued your TARDIS, Doctor, but mine wasn't so lucky. You'll have to take me back to Gallifrey.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh, must I? I'm not a taxi service you know!

**NARVIN:**

Thanks to you and Ms Bush, I have a great deal of tidying up to do. You will show the good grace of letting me get on with it as soon as possible.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh, on the subject of that... My newfound fame?

**NARVIN:**

Leave it with me Doctor, you're arrogant enough without the entire Solar System agreeing with you. I shall ensure the effects of Dogbolter's engine are entirely nullified.

**ACE:**

So everyone will forget about the fictional versions of us?

**NARVIN:**

Thankfully. Some of us have a reputation to maintain. Manufacturing domestic equipment, I ask you... I didn't train for two hundred years just to knock up ovens. Truly spectacular ovens. (SIGHS) Now, if we could get on.

FX. HE MARCHES TO THE TARDIS, OPENS THE DOORS AND STROLLS IN.

**MEL:**

(SAD) A lot of tidying up. Look... after everything I did. I understand if you don't want me to travel with you anymore. I betrayed your trust.

**DOCTOR:**

(SIGHS) You should have talked to me, Mel.

**MEL:**

I know.

**DOCTOR:**

Explained what was going on.

**MEL:**

It was my mess, I wanted to handle it myself.

**DOCTOR:**

Friends talk to one another, they don't come up with grand, complicated schemes – however well-intentioned – and then just drag others along without telling them.

BEAT.

**ACE:**

I can't believe you just said that.

**DOCTOR:**

Ah.

**ACE:**

I mean... I agree, but... coming from you?

**DOCTOR:**

Well...

**ACE:**

Oh just get in the TARDIS.

**DOCTOR:**

Right... erm... yes...

FX. SHUFFLES OFF.

**MEL:**

Ace... are we OK?

**ACE:**

(SIGHS) Right now I'm still furious with you. (BEAT) But we will be. Given time. Now go inside, I want to make a quick phonecall.

FX. MEL GOES INTO THE TARDIS. ACE DIALS ON HER PHONE.  
ALEX ANSWERS.

**ALEX:**

Hi love! (BEAT) Hang on... it is you isn't it? I haven't just called the Doctor 'love' again?

**ACE:**

(AWKWARD) It's me.

**ALEX:**

Listen, they're having a huge party down here at the station, come on down, it's not every day you get to celebrate winning a war without a single shot being fired.

**ACE:**

(HATING THIS) Yeah... Alex look, there's no easy way of saying this. I'm leaving.

(BEAT)

**ALEX:**

What?

**ACE:**

You'll understand soon, I hope... it's just... I'm not who you thought I was, OK? I'm sorry but... (BOTTLING IT) I'm just not.

FX. SHE HANGS UP.

**ACE:**

(FRUSTRATED GROWL) Rrrgh...

FX. THE PHONE STARTS RINGING.

**ACE:**  
(SIGHS)

FX. SHE PUTS IT DOWN ON THE GROUND, WALKS INTO THE TARDIS. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES. PHONE STILL RINGING.

MUSIC: END TITLES.